The Nation

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The Week

Every American with any feeling of pride in the intelligence of our National Legislature must rejoice at the decision of the conference committees on the Tariff bill of the two houses to strike out the Senate's restrictions upon the importation of art objects. As a result engravings and etchings go back on the free list, and the duty on paintings in oils, pastels, on pen-and-ink drawings and on sculpture, is reduced to 15 per cent. If one hundred years old, such articles will come in free of duty. The 15 per cent. duty on modern works is bad enough, for there should be no tariff on art objects whatsoever, but it is far better than the 25 per cent. of the Senate. Again, the Senate's condition that a private collector must pay duty on any works of art of antiquity, unless within five years after importation they are turned over to a museum or to a public institution, was done away with. Indeed, the advocates of free art were successful on every important point, and the particular thanks of all art lovers the country over should go to Chairman Underwood for his brave and enlightened stand upon this matter. The real animus of the Senate was a desire to strike at Wall Street millionaires with art tastes; for this reason they were willing to retard the art development of the entire country.

A familiar, but interesting, fallacy crops up in a letter on the banana tax which our Senate tried to put into the Tariff bill, sent all the way from Alexandria, Egypt, to the editor of the London *Economist*. The writer says:

> The cost to the consumer would be 5c. per 100 (approximate) bananas, which is equal to 1-20th of a cent each.
>
> It is, I believe, generally found that a new tax placed on articles retailed to the people as are bananas cannot in practice be obtained from the consumers unless it approximates a current coin per item; and therefore it seems to me this tax would not be felt by the actual consumers.

There is no reason to believe that, in any proper sense, any such thing is "generally found." It is true enough that a twentieth of a cent cannot be added to the price of a banana; and even that, in practice, one cent cannot be added to the price of a dozen bananas. But the addition of twelve-twentieths of a cent to the wholesale cost of a dozen bananas may be just the straw that decides the raising of the retail price by five cents.

From the moment of the actual assembling of the court of impeachment at Albany, a new character was stamped on the whole situation. Not only did it become at once evident that the outward behavior of the Senators would, throughout the proceedings, be such as befits a transaction of serious and solemn character and having behind it centuries of impressive tradition, but it became plain that in matters of law the judgment of those who are authorities on the law—and especially, of course, of the able and upright judge who presides over the trial—would have that controlling influence to which it is entitled. That in the final vote, or even in every critical division, this spirit will be manifested without wavering, it would be premature to say; but no one can doubt that the Senate as a body has been raised far above that plane upon which most of its individual members usually live and move and have their being.

Nor is it only within the court that there has been such a change of temper. The whole reading public—most certainly all the intelligent part of the public—is thinking about the affair in a more responsible and more rational manner. There is still, to be sure, and there will probably remain to the end, a great deal of that attitude—natural enough, perhaps, but loose-jointed and dangerous—which regards the question at issue to be a question of the relative wickedness of Murphy and Sulzer, or of the relative importance of Tammany graft and of Sulzer misdoing. But that sort of thing is now retreating steadily into the background. The feeling that the business in hand at Albany is the settlement of certain specific and definite questions cannot fail to become more and more impressed upon everybody who has any capacity at all for straight thinking. The mere spectacle of the unanimity of the vote on the exclusion or inclusion of the four challenged Senators must of itself have gone far towards sharpening the public vision, towards centring the public attention upon the real thing. As the trial proceeds, it is not too much to expect the feeling to become general that the place to settle with Murphy is at the polls, and that the only legitimate question at Albany is that of the law and the facts relating to the articles of impeachment.

To be independent of one's environment is not always easy, but it was apparently no trouble at all for the two candidates for the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, who had a "debate" in Faneuil Hall the other evening. The inspiring associations of that auditorium bothered them not a whit. "He never worked for any Democrat in his life but himself," thundered Mr. Long. "He is unfriendly to union labor," retorted Mr. Barry. "He cannot speak on the issues—tariff, currency, banks, railroads," argued the first debater. "He is a millionaire," replied the second. "He couldn't get a vote outside his own bailiwick," reasoned Mr. Long. "His friends are professional lobbyists," rejoined Mr. Barry. Now and then the issues were even more closely joined between them, as when one of them accused the other of having described himself as a member of the Congregational Church and a Mason, and his opponent replied that he was injecting religion into politics. In the end, however, they found a point of agreement, each gentleman winding up his address with the declaration: "I shall be the Democratic choice by a convincing majority." It is said that the figure of Daniel Webster in the large canvas, depicting him when making the reply to Hayne, became tinged with green long before this forensic struggle was over.

Even those who have noted the growth of interest in Australian and Argentine imports of meat into the United States may find surprise in the report of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce that 3,000,000 pounds were imported in the months of June, July, and August. These figures almost

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equal the total imports for the entire fiscal year preceding, and are doubly significant as representing the experimental attitude of foreign shippers. In view of them, and the approaching passage of the Underwood Tariff bill, the prediction of the president of the American Meat Packers' Association that we shall yet pay $1 a pound for beef seems somewhat inopportune. The Canadian papers are already complaining of a local advance in prices, from the expected movement of Northern meats to cheapen the inviting American market. Nor does much of the discontent among stock-growers with the alleged unsatisfactory state of affairs agree with the packers in tracing it to a national decline in meat growing. In the Southwest the big ranch system is still held to be at the root of the shortage, and there is a renewed demand for the division of the ranges. The summer's drought has also had its effects. Immovable pessimism seems to be confined to the ranks of the big packers.

Effective as Secretary Daniels's continued protests may be in obtaining cheaper armor-plate bids, they have yet shown but a slight basis of reason for his pet scheme of a Government plant. It may be quite easy to show that the American bids are exorbitant, and even that they smell of collusion among the competitors. It may be demonstrable that the steel companies' prices show little relation to the known cost of production. Other countries—notably England, only a few months ago—have given complaining voice to the same conditions. But all this does not prove that the plan of Government manufacture of armor is justified on the ground either of economy, of national policy, or of national sentiment towards militarism. Possibly there are hidden reasons why the steel firms are not eager competitors. The American market is small, and the completion of the Brazilian dreadnoughts leaves a limited field in foreign shipbuilding here. But the wastefulness of our Government in business is too glaring to justify further ventures, and particularly one into the realm of expert steel manufacturing. With the new spirit concerning protection which the passing of the tariff bill may be supposed to inaugurate, it will perhaps not be impossible for patriotism to rise to the point of admitting foreign manufacturers to estimate upon the contracts.

The election of President Hadley, of Yale University, to the board of directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, is the most encouraging event in years in the management of our railways. Here is a man who is not only the head of a great New England university, with a special interest in the New Haven Railroad by reason of its location, but one who at an early age made himself an authority on railway transportation. Railway men as well as theoretical students of our transportations have alike conceded his high standing, and the United States Government recognized it when Mr. Taft made President Hadley the chairman of the important and useful Railroad Securities Commission. To the New Haven board has been added a skilful and practical business man such as the head of almost every great university now is. But more than that, his mere presence in the directorate gives positive assurance to the public that there is already an end to many of the evils which have brought the New Haven Railroad to such bad times. For no one can associate Mr. Hadley with the Mellen methods of doing business.

In the early days of child-labor legislation, much opposition came from both employers and operatives, and improvement depended largely upon disinterested reformers. It is not often recognized that this condition has not ceased to exist. Yet opposition on the part of workmen to Massachusetts's new child-labor law is so violent that a Legislative committee is investigating the matter. At a hearing by this body at New Bedford, 500 mill workers voted in opposition to the bill, with six in its favor. Their chief argument was on the once familiar ground of its painful reduction of the family income. Providing that no child under fourteen should be employed at all, and none under sixteen more than eight hours, it was alleged that it threw large families into utter poverty. Employers testified that no fifteen-year-old lad was injured by mill work, and teachers that the older children thrown out of work refused to enter school. These Massachusetts workers hold that the bill should be supplemented by State relief to widows and others upon whom it works a hardship, as well as by plans for making their leisure useful to the children. Many, moreover, urge a more stringent medical examination as a substitute for the high age-limit—a point that should interest States contemplating a similar law.

"A tip is nothing else but a reward for special consideration. The question will never be solved as long as any man who asks for special service is in the habit of giving a reward for it."—One hotel manager.

An eminently sane proposition. See, for instance, what special service and special consideration the citizen of New York or Chicago obtains by tipping the waiter. When the customer sits down, the waiter refrains from whisking the chair out from under the customer and letting him fall to the floor, as the waiter might very easily do. When he brings in the soup, he brings it in a plate instead of a bottle. Who would grudge a small tip for being spared the humiliation of pouring soup out of a bottle? And in so many other ways, which the reader can enumerate for himself, the waiter puts himself out to make the diner comfortable. He refrains from sprinkling sugar over the roast beef and putting olive oil into the ice cream. Between courses he does not sit down to his own meal. If the diner happens to be in the company of a lady, the waiter will abstain from disparaging remarks about her complexion. As for the coat-room boy, what is to prevent him from playing football with your hat, except the special consideration due a distributer of tips?

What Reinhardt, who was an interested spectator, has done for Shakespeare, Hauptmann has accomplished for Schiller. He has infused "Tell" with the spirit of his own naturalistic plays, like "The Weavers," and removed every element not true to life.

Thus Dr. Rudolf Tombo, of Columbia University, commenting for the New York *Times* on a recent production of "William Tell" in a version apparently revised by Gerhart Hauptmann. What Reinhardt, of Sumurun fame, has done for Shakespeare! What Mr. Belasco, we hope, will some day do for "Œdipus Rex"—take out a lot of the guff and bluster and insert the punch that Sophocles did not always have with him. What the creator of the "Nude Descend-

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ing a Staircase" will do some day, let us hope, for Raphael and Rembrandt. What Mr. Irving Berlin will do some day for Beethoven. What Sheriff Harburger may do some day for Demosthenes and Daniel Webster—the punch, the wallop, the ginger, the tabasco, the real stuff. Let us modernize, my masters; let us naturalize, let us barbarize!

The "loved of Heaven, whose path is the ancient green," have lost again, and the oleaster is fastened to the blade of an American cleek. Miracles are plainly not to cease, for here is a mere American boy, just out of his teens, beating the world's great masters at their own game. What is there left to John Bull? No wonder he talks now of withdrawing from the Olympic Games because of the professional character of their amateurishness. There remains, it seems, but rowing and cricket in which he can claim absolute unbroken supremacy, and who shall say now that a Harvard or Cornell crew may not soon cross the water and lead an English boat over the 'varsity course?

One has only to read the story of Ouimet's play to know that he is gifted with extraordinary nerve and courage. Where a single miss of an extremely difficult shot or putt would have cost him his chance of entering the final test as his country's representative, he invariably came to time with the skill of the master. Neither the great gallery nor the excitement nor the responsibility had any other effect than to better his play. So he who was defeated by the champion Travers in the amateur championship attained what no other American has ever accomplished—the winning of the championship open to both amateurs and professionals. Three times English amateurs have humbled their professionals, but never before did an American walk off with the trick, with the best of the Englishmen to beat in the bargain.

However just and however shocking may be the charges of Commissioner Worcester that slavery, or at least a gross form of peonage, exists in the Philippines, it is quite clear that he cannot lay conditions solely at the door of the native Assembly. Under the Thirteenth Amendment, Congress has power to enforce the regulation against slavery in any place subject to American jurisdiction. Moreover, as Representative Jones points out, since 1902 it has needed no more than Executive initiative to force observance of a clause in the organic law of the Philippines dealing with slavery. Up to 1907 the Commissioners could have dealt directly with the practice; and even since then it has been possible for them to attack it among those tribes where it most flourishes. The truth seems to be that, in so far as Mr. Worcester's statements are especially prejudicial to the Filipino character and ability, they bear the obvious coloring of a desire for the indefinite continuance of American rule. He is, however, to be thanked if between himself and his opponents he can procure measures for the eradication of a disgraceful state of affairs.

If it be admitted that the Asquith Cabinet is beginning to have its qualms about Home Rule at a time when politically the horizon is clear, when Parliament is adjourned, and no immediate crisis can threaten the Liberal Government, the reason may be found in the present state of labor unrest in the United Kingdom. Savage rioting has been going on in Dublin, and though the enactment of Home Rule is still some time off, it is not impossible that the discontented labor element in the Irish capital will try to take advantage of any situation that might necessitate the dispatch of troops to the north of Ireland for the enforcement of Home Rule. Sir Edward Carson and his followers in Ulster, in their turn, will undoubtedly take advantage of the diversion at Dublin to assume a more militant attitude than ever. In England the labor unions have been mobilizing again; and though for the moment the prospect of another general railway strike has been averted, no one can say how soon the danger may reappear. It is not difficult to see why the possibility of simultaneous complications in Ulster, in Dublin, and at home should impress the more timid spirits in the Liberal ranks.

Lovers of justice will be pained by the statement of a former head of the Paris detectives that scientific burglary has no existence outside of the imagination. For a while, it is true, the shoe was on the other foot, and a quality of ingenuity and skill, not to say courtesy, was attributed to the twentieth-century bandit that elevated him into a class by himself. This was doubtless a mistaken estimate, but to say that burglars are altogether lacking in cleverness seems an error in the opposite direction. Will any one assert that it is possible to pursue this calling without some spark of the spirit of adventure, some study of the complicated methods which we have adopted for the protection of our material possessions? Let the doubter think of himself as forced to follow this profession for even a twelvemonth. He will be stout-hearted indeed if his courage does not recoil upon itself, and rarely endowed intellectually if he does not long for expert instruction before undertaking the simplest venture in this field. The Paris detective should reflect that if burglars are the stupid beings he is reported as representing them, the members of his profession cannot be quite the wonderful persons we have often been assured they are.

Not much is left of the treaty of London, in behalf of which the united diplomats of Europe labored so valiantly. By the terms of the Turco-Bulgarian treaty now in the course of negotiation, Turkey retains Adrianople and Kirk-Kilisseh, and shifts the entire frontier from the Midia-Enos line, agreed upon in London, to pretty nearly the old frontier on the north and the Maritza River on the west. Bulgaria's gains resolve themselves into a small triangular area on the Black Sea, and a solid area of approximately five thousand square miles in Western Thrace. Thus is ended the great dream which rose after Lule-Burgas, when the Turks were fleeing for the shelter of the Tchatalja forts. All the battlefields, Adrianople, Lule-Burgas, Kirk-Kilisseh, go to the vanquished. The ease with which Bulgaria has yielded to Turkish demands is not all due to the hopelessness of her military condition. Nor is it all to be explained by the apathy that follows upon the failure of a great hope. In Bulgaria, one imagines, the feeling is general that it is not worth while to be haggling for bits of territory with Turkey; that nothing is of importance now except to prepare and to wait for the day of reckoning with her late Servian and Greek allies.

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THE BANKING BILL GOES TO THE SENATE.

The Administration has scored another remarkable success in the vote by which the Banking and Currency bill was passed by the House on Thursday of last week. The vote stood 286 to 84, and in the majority were included thirty-nine Republicans and Progressives. That only three Democrats were ranged on the negative side is perhaps less noteworthy, because of the rigor with which caucus rule has been applied to the case. But most remarkable of all, in view of the previous history of attempted banking and currency legislation, is the expedition with which the result has been attained. To get such a bill advanced to the Senate stage at the end of barely more than six months after his inauguration is an achievement by the President in shining contrast with the paralysis of so many preceding Administrations and so many preceding Congresses. It must be acknowledged, in justice, that the ground had been laid for such an achievement by the work of the National Monetary Commission. This had been done not only through its collection of information and through its proposals and discussions, but also through the concentration of interest and the arousing of immediate expectation. So much of hostile criticism has been levelled at Senator Aldrich that it is only common fairness to give him credit for this great service. But after all such allowance is made, it must still be recognized that there was neither general agreement as to the nature, nor any definite prospect of the actual enactment, of banking and currency legislation, until President Wilson took his determined stand.

There was a stage in the history of this bill when it seemed that the Administration forces might carry their desire for expedition to a dangerous extreme—doubly dangerous as justly exciting powerful opposition, and as making the legislation itself, if enacted, a source of great potentialities of mischief. It soon developed, however, that the Administration and its representatives in Congress were not going to stick with a blind obstinacy to the bill as first drawn. Sober and well-intentioned criticism has received respectful consideration, and some highly important and beneficial changes have been incorporated in the bill. In the original bill the power of the Federal Reserve Board to require one regional reserve bank to discount paper of another was conferred on the Board without limitation; as the bill now stands, it may be exercised only "in time of emergency," only by unanimous vote, with at least five of the seven members present at the meeting; and only on the basis of a higher interest rate than that prevailing in either of the districts affected. The creation of an Advisory Council, representing the regional banks, is another amendment making for safety and conservatism. And as regards currency, the effective provisions now in the bill for insuring prompt redemption of notes by the issuing banks, including the designation of them by a letter or number distinctive for each regional bank, are of the utmost importance.

Nevertheless, after the bill had reached a certain stage, there became pretty manifest a desire to push it through without adequate discussion, and without due regard for objections urged in good faith in the interest of safe banking policy—objections free from hostility to the purpose of the bill or to the avowed spirit of those behind it. We do not say that every one of the proposals we here refer to ought to be accepted; but we do say that they have not received such consideration as they deserve. Among them are a number of changes of comparatively minor importance; but among them, too, are some things which are of very great consequence, and for which the argument is extremely strong. The redemption of the notes in gold and not in "lawful money"; the regulation of the rate of the tax (the so-called "interest") on the notes to be issued; the reduction of the number of regional banks, urged not for the sake of centralization, but for the sake of effectiveness—all these are not fit subjects for the "steam-roller" process. In the Senate, these serious questions—and others, too—should receive that deliberate and searching examination which is warranted by their importance, and by the special nature of the considerations bearing on them.

A curious but not uninstructive episode was that which marked the closing days of the discussion in the House. The flare-up over the question of the gold standard was not warranted by anything that was even remotely in the thoughts of the framers or the friends of the bill. But such a turn was given to the matter that it became an occasion for a show of hands on the part of the silverite Bourbons. And they mustered no less than 69 votes out of a total of 367. They are just now an absurd remnant; yet it is as true to-day as, unfortunately, it has been throughout our history that the seeds of cheap-money manias and fiat-money delusions are always among us, ready to become a source of national danger when the occasion offers. And this lesson was taught even more impressively, for those who stop to think, by a remark of no less a man than the Secretary of State. In his address before the American Institute of Banking at Richmond, Mr. Bryan said:

> It has been objected that the Government should not issue the money of the country. We hear such objection only in times of peace. In times of war there is no question who should issue the money. It must be the Government.

This can mean only one thing. "The money" that Mr. Bryan has here in mind can only be irredeemable paper money. Incredible as it must seem, it is plain that he regards the issue of irredeemable paper money in time of war not only as desirable, but as a thing whose desirability, or necessity, nobody questions. What abysmal depths open up to the mental vision as one contemplates the possibilities of a national Administration—past or future—presided over by a man capable of such an exhibition, in relation to a subject to which he devoted the most strenuous years of his life!

MUST WE ALL BEAR ARMS?

It is quite evident that the Wilson Administration is to differ from the last Democratic Government of the country in more ways than one. Times have changed, and the party with them. So in place of a dignified, courtly Secretary of State like Thomas F. Bayard, we have Mr. Bryan *en vaudeville;* signs are visible of a disposition to magnify the paternal functions of the Federal Government in relation to the country's business; and we now have a Democratic Secretary of War who virtually tells us that we must all bear arms and learn to fight, or face the penalty of a tremendous standing army. To be exact, his words are: "It is the only solution I can see by which we may escape the necessity of a large standing army,

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which none of us want, and at the same time keep ourselves prepared for emergencies that may arise." And he adds that "we *must* build up a trained reserve," and to do so we must make young men feel that "military training in the regular army is good for them," and that in "taking this course in military training they will not be wasting their time, so far as their future career in private life is concerned." Besides Secretary Garrison, Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, also a Democrat, is out with the declaration that the time has come to arm; and there is promise of a drastic army reorganization bill by the next Congress.

Now what is the basis for Mr. Garrison's assertion that we are bound to choose the lesser evil of upbuilding a great military reserve as the sole means of escaping the greater one of a standing army "which none of us want"? Why, if none of us ninety millions of Americans desire it, is a huge standing army in any way a menacing or possible evil? Whatever change in its policies or institutions this country unitedly opposes has not hitherto been regarded as being within the realm of discussion. But let us assume that it is. What changes have come over us since the last Democratic Administration to make either a reserve or a huge standing army necessary? Mr. Cleveland nearly precipitated us into a most serious international complication in the Venezuela matter. Yet we cannot recall that Mr. Lamont ever expressed such sentiments as Mr. Garrison's, or felt that even a large reserve was desirable. Since then we have built up a huge navy, besides strengthening our coast defences vastly beyond the plans of the Endicott Board, appointed during Mr. Cleveland's first Administration. This Board guaranteed that if its projects were carried out, no large fleet would be necessary. Now we have far more coast artillery than was dreamed of by the Endicott Board, as well as a tremendously costly and remarkably efficient navy, and still the cry is that we must individually arm or face a large standing army—that is, shoulder the very burden our immunity from which is the envy of European nations.

We are aware, of course, that we shall be reminded of the Spanish War and of our having become a world Power in 1898. We have forgotten that needless blood-letting not at all, and we are convinced that a study of Mr. Cleveland's first Administration would prove to any sane observer that we were a potent world Power in 1885, with but 22,000 soldiers and a single steel dispatch boat for a navy. Nobody insulted us, nobody stole our territory or captured the San Francisco Sub-Treasury. Moreover, we rejoice to-day in an Administration whose whole tone is so pacific, as demonstrated in the Mexican and Japanese entanglements, as to make Mr. Garrison's militaristic speeches and interviews seem as incongruous as Mr. Bryan's vaudeville career is discreditable to a Secretary of State. So far as the great nations of Europe are concerned, not a single one is on other than the friendliest terms with us, and only a few hopeless war-maniacs like Congressman Hobson still pretend to fear the Japanese fleet. Neither from Mexico nor from Japan is there the slightest reason for concern unless we ourselves go out and cause it. If trouble should come with Mexico, no ordinary amount of reserves will help; from a quarter to half a million of soldiers will be required.

As for the reserve itself, Mr. Root, Mr. Taft, and Mr. Stimson have all pursued that chimera. During the last Congress it was triumphantly announced that the reserve was to be had by means of a seven-year enlistment, of which three years were to be spent with the regiments and four in a reserve from which the soldier would be called in war time or report for small pay in time of peace. The only result was such a falling off in enlistments that the plan is already to be abandoned, and now Mr. Garrison, who is fairly overflowing with military ideas six months after leaving his law practice, would have the enlistment period a fluctuating one, the soldier to be released as soon as he obtains a certain proficiency, whether it be a year or a year and a half, or two. Well, we see no objection to experimenting further along that line, if it does not lead to a legislative attempt to make a nation of reservists. If Mr. Garrison can make the service more attractive to a better class of men, he will have everybody's support. He assures us that the army was never in better shape than to-day. But has he not overlooked his predecessor's last annual report, in which Mr. Stimson wrote that "the high percentage of venereal disease continues to be the reproach of the American army, and the daily average number of those sick from that cause during the past calendar year was larger than the daily average number of those sick from all other of the more important diseases combined"; and that the "record of our army in this respect is shameful beyond that of any other civilized nation"? Is that so very inviting a record as to make any appeal to the "very best young men in the country" whom Mr. Garrison wishes to get into the army?

It is along such constructive lines as bettering this sad state of affairs and putting a stop to the frightful waste of money which goes on daily in the army that Mr. Garrison should employ his unusual abilities. He has taken politics out of the service, appointed generals on merit only, and rebuffed Senators and Congressmen with a fearlessness that deserves high praise. But this is merely the beginning of things. There is still so great an opportunity for economizing, and yet increasing the efficiency of the service, that he might well devote himself to this and let the country be at rest from his talk of the standing army, in the effort to bring about a reserve by luring into the army the "very best young men" of the nation.

WHAT ONE MAYOR HAS DONE.

Among the numerous important city elections to be held this autumn in the United States, two—those in Philadelphia and in Cincinnati—are notable as turning upon the struggle of reform Administrations for endorsement and reëlection. In the former city, its size, its importance, the interest of its decade-long fight with corruption, have drawn national attention to Mayor Blankenburg's campaign. Mayor Hunt's contest with the Cox machine in Cincinnati has been less commented on. But both are signalized by the circumstance that the chief campaign document for the party to which all good citizens pin their hopes is its record of performance. Municipal struggles to oust a corrupt Administration, battles fought over the errors of a party, or a cleavage of opinion upon city policies, are common enough; battles in which reform can stand behind an impregnable

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record of definite achievement are regrettably rare.

In both cities, therefore, as in other American municipalities, attention has been called to the potential usefulness of the Mayor's annual report in raising the standards of city government by furnishing a key for the comparison of different Administrations, and stimulating official effort and public interest. It is proper to say that in Philadelphia the annual report has not entered into the campaign. Its place has been taken by an abstract published by the Civic Club, reciting improvements in public health, transportation, the streets, and so on. But the Cincinnati report, just issued, is at once an unanswerable argument for progressive government and an impartially official document. Its possible political significance is nothing beside its actual civic value. Its 600 illustrated pages, as a preface tells us, combine the departmental reports "in a more intelligible and interesting form than has heretofore prevailed, condensing statistical data and eliminating perfunctory matter to give a comprehensive history of the year's government." They tell of plans for reducing Cincinnati's death-rate below that of any American city; how the city has procured employment for 2,800 men; how it has protected borrowers against loan sharks; how it has tried to settle industrial disputes; how in one year fire losses were reduced 33 1-3 per cent., twelve theatres, for example, being forced to close, while twenty new and modern ones were built; how moral conditions have improved; how the University of Cincinnati, the only strictly municipal university, we believe, in the country, has grown in its usefulness to 2,000 young citizens.

Pictures, tables, a clear text, impress upon even the casual reader that here is a city vitally interested in its own improvement. Nor are shortcomings glossed over. Side by side with cuts showing dilapidated houses demolished, streets before and after repaving, a playground as in 1910 and in 1912, the water reservoir being cleaned, a new motor fire engine, the newest University building, are cuts of faulty sewers, unsightly tenements, unimproved parks—conditions that cry for improvement. No citizen, irrespective of political beliefs, whether he wishes Mayor Hunt returned to office or not, can examine the book without an elevation of civic pride, a new interest in communal welfare, and an impulse towards alert citizenship that will make him critical of any succeeding Administration that does not live up to the standard therein set.

Municipal reports are usually a dry *compte rendu* of official routine, tiresomely compiled, and transmitted to council or aldermen, to be but leafed through by those whose duty it is to read them. The only attention they are likely to attract is in narrow discussion of the bookkeeping methods required to give them accuracy. But the wieldiness, the brightness, the attention to the king's English and to good lithography in a volume like that of Cincinnati, testify to a conception of city government that is at every point as wide-awake and energetic as the older one was perfunctory. This new conception is born of such reform Administrations as Philadelphia's and Cincinnati's. It regards the public welfare as an ambition in which public interest is constantly to be stimulated; it catches at opportunity, instead of resting in a placid performance of prescribed duty.

It would be a genuine misfortune if Mayor Hunt should not be reëlected. We have frequently called attention in these columns to the great service rendered to his city by this fearless young man. As Prosecuting Attorney he bravely, if unsuccessfully, attacked Boss Cox, and did his best to land him in jail. In recognition of this and of other excellent work in that office, the electorate rewarded him with the Mayoralty, and for the first time Cincinnati has had a Mayor deeply concerned with beautifying it and improving its conditions of life, with the special view of making it a better city for the masses that live in it. He has been independent of machines; he, too, can say, "I have been Mayor," and Mayor during a period of extraordinary floods and intense industrial disturbances.

CO-OPERATION AT HOME AND ABROAD.

At the Ninth Annual Coöperative Congress, held at Glasgow a few days ago, there were but a handful of American delegates to 340 British, 100 Germans, and more than 100 French and Italians. Our country has been singularly unresponsive to the appeal of the coöperative idea; and it will surprise Americans to find that even the most sanguine of its advocates could use language such as that of Earl Grey in his address to the delegates. It was in their power, he declared, if they were earnest, to realize a coöperative commonwealth co-extensive with the whole civilized world. The remarkable growth of the coöperative movement justified a confident expectation that the day of a new social order was at hand. Coöperation meant the elimination of every unnecessary middleman, who could be conceived in no other light than that of a parasite. The wants of society could never be adequately met so long as the twin forces of labor and capital were warring against each other; and cooperation showed that these warring forces could be reconciled with advantage to all concerned, pointing the way to a social state ruled by fraternalism.

Such high aspirations for what cooperation may accomplish will remind older readers of the opinions and the hopes expressed three-score years ago by economists like John Stuart Mill, rather than of views that have had recent currency or of experiences that are familiar on this side the Atlantic; but though even in Europe what has actually been accomplished can hardly claim to be more than a faint foretaste of what Earl Grey holds forth for the future, yet coöperation in several European countries has attained an extent and importance of which with us there is as yet no indication. The few American communities in which coöperation exists know it only as a dubious experiment in the cutting off of retail profits on food and other commodities. As attempted in suburbs of Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, it consists in the subscription by a large number of householders of stock in a central depot of supplies, expertly managed, from which they can buy everything at cost. Its most familiar form is in the cooperative store of many college and manufacturing communities of the United States. Here its constituency has a ready-made community of purpose and character; coöperation is easily organized, is not liable to some of the peculiar vicissitudes of large stock companies, and is supported by general sentiment in such tasks as the interdiction of credit buying. But elsewhere coöperation must continue to have a hard path. Americans in general have been

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thoroughly unsympathetic towards the communal socialism which gave the movement its first impulse. In a prosperous and uncrowded republic, where means of production are vast and competition in retail business intense, the motive for distributive coöperation is less strong than elsewhere; few even of our rural communities have a sufficiently stable population long to preserve its *corpus* intact; and as for attacking the "parasitic middleman," the average American is careless of the saving thus to be effected. Coöperation's feeble existence in the very country where a century ago Robert Owen made his most ambitious attempt to blend the interests of producer and consumer, and "moralize the processes of industry," is not so inexplicable as might at first sight appear.

But beside the sturdy usefulness of coöperation in other countries, this feebleness must seem regrettable. In the British Isles coöperative societies of a hundred sorts are covering the country like a network, till their overlapping spheres are a frequent cause for quarrels; they buy lands, erect shops, cottages, schools, and lecture halls, write insurance, lend money, grant university scholarships, and even rival Cook in managing holiday excursions. There is no socialistic weakening of individualism in this, for, in the words of a Glasgow speaker, while "idealism is held aloft," they remember that "it is the man who is passing his money over the counter for goods who is advancing the movement." In agriculture, the chief of the fields not yet annexed to capital abroad, and still boasting a workman who is his own master, Ireland in especial offers a brilliant example of how the rewards of labor may be increased by combining for sale and purchase, and for the use of expensive apparatus. Few programmes of agricultural reform in Europe have been lately proposed which do not emphasize Sir Horace Plunkett's coöperative methods. Dispensing with the middleman, threatening the small towns, its federations becoming a vast farmers' union, rural coöperation has been rabidly attacked all over Europe. But even its enemies admit that in the German associations and the French and Russian communes, based on mutual liability and engendering mutual trust, neighborhood ideas of justice, solidarity, and unselfishness develop together with neighborhood prosperity. And in England and Germany both urban and rural coöperation are looked upon as a refuge, not merely from the socialistic philosophy that William James saw giving comfort to a "tenderfoot" laboring class, but from the governmental paternalism which, in Russell's famous phrase, is turning man into "a race of economic babies, their lips forever nuzzling at the nipples of the state."

No doubt, when there is a more exigent need for coöperation in America, it will come. But it must be felt that if it had taken a firmer root when its prospects seemed so bright early in the last century, it might already have proved a wholesome corrective to some of the evils in the labor-and-capital organization of society. What it could have done to reduce the clash between these forces, and to put a soul into soulless industrialism, is evident in the profit-sharing schemes that some advanced corporations are instituting. The development of such coöperative plans is still one of the best grounds of hope for elevating the status of the laboring masses, and a wider interest in them would be a salutary thing for the nation.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A SECRETARY OF STATE.

As I look back over my career in the State Department, I am convinced that posterity will remember me chiefly for my invention of the Absent Treatment in diplomacy. Just how this new method differed from other methods, from Pink-Tea Diplomacy, from Blood-and-Iron Diplomacy, from Shirt-Sleeve Diplomacy, and other preceding forms, was best exemplified during the acute Japanese crisis which confronted our Government in the spring of 1914. On the morning of April 1 of that year, the country read with amazement that the Japanese Ambassador was about to call on me with an ultimatum, which meant war in twenty-four hours. The outlook was seemingly hopeless. To yield to the Japanese demands was out of the question. But war was a dreadful thing to contemplate. The country's eyes were upon me. What would the Secretary of State do? The Secretary of State did what he had often done before. On the afternoon of April 1, he was at Phœnixville, Va., lecturing on "Homes and Mothers." The ultimatum was not delivered because when the Japanese Ambassador called there was nobody to receive it. He came again the next morning. I was then at Parkersburg, O., speaking on "Our Debt to the Past." Helpless before my policy of masterly absenteeism, the Japanese Ambassador wired for instructions. Several minor officials at the Japanese Embassy committed hara-kiri. Riots broke out in Tokio. In the course of a week or so matters adjusted themselves.

Very similar were the circumstances surrounding our final settlement of the Mexican imbroglio. We had made certain specific demands upon the Mexican Government, and its Ambassador at Washington was ordered to present a note in which all our conditions were curtly rejected. The Mexican Ambassador was a man of mature years and exceptional intelligence. He did not call at the State Department with his note, but took a taxicab straight for the Union Station. There he found me. Still, being a diplomat of the old school, he thought it necessary to begin the conversation with a few courteous remarks on the weather, the state of my health, etc. At last he came to the subject in hand. "Mr. Secretary of State," he said, "acting under instructions from my Government——" He got no further. Just at that moment I took a train for Luxor, Md., where I was billed for a speech on "The Sanctity of the Cradle." But the incident did not end as simply as all that. The Mexican Ambassador, for all his adherence to old-fashioned courtesy, was a man of infinite resource. He jumped into a touring car and chased the train. Five miles from Luxor and he was racing with us neck and neck. I confess to a thrill of anxiety. Another ten minutes, the train and the auto would be at Luxor, and war with Mexico would be staring us in the face. Just then the Mexican Ambassador blew out one of his front tires. The machine leaped forward, made a half-revolution in the air, and ran into a clay bank. There were no serious injuries, but for ten days the Ambassador was under the care of a surgeon, and by the time he was well again matters had adjusted themselves.

The reader will now see that the principle underlying my Absent-Treatment Diplomacy, like the principle underlying all great discoveries, is a very simple one. The error of most Secretaries of State before me was that they were, without exception, static Secretaries of State. I hit upon the idea of a kinetic Secretary of State. My predecessors were continually implicated in international negotiations and crises, because every foreign diplomat, impelled by a grievance, knew where to find them. Why any one before me should have failed to recognize the simple truth that the easiest way to avoid friction is to avoid contact, puzzles me. When I say "any one," I mean, of course, any man pretending to culture in general and diplomatic training in particular. Otherwise, you will find that I was anticipated in my main idea by the Irishman who, many years before I became Secretary of State, said that the trouble with most people when they are chased by a mad bull is that they run in the same direction as the bull.

RECENT GERMAN POETRY.

Richard Dehmel, whose fiftieth birthday is likely to be the occasion of sympathetic demonstrations, has never surpassed his early volumes which caused him to be acclaimed the most inspired lyric voice of his generation. His new book contains some admirable pages, and some of doubtful value. But it fairly

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reflects his interesting and powerful personality, and even the note of intensity in the title, "Schöne wilde Welt" (Berlin: S. Fischer), is suggestive of the poet's temperament. His emotional range is wide: he has notes for the feeling of oneness with nature, for the new altruism, for all the longings and strivings of his time; and to the memory of his friend Detlev von Liliencron he has dedicated the most thoughtful tribute among the many poems which his death has called forth. This poem, as also "Gebet im Flugschiff" and "Verewigung," shows a rare spiritual ardor. The "Schöpfungsfeier," with its subtitle, "Oratorium natale," has many beautiful lines, but somehow does not seem to hang well together. "Die Musik des Mont Blanc," divided into movements in the manner of a symphony, would have been more effective without the refrain-like repetition of the "melody," the "harmony," and the "rhythm of the mountain." A daring experiment is the poem called "Dahin," with its series of similes. A young priestess is successively compared to a palm rising from a dream, a cypress swaying in the wind, a sleeping mimosa, a cedar struck by lightning, a storm-tossed vine. But the rhetorical images, far from effacing one another, suggest a dramatic story, and linger in the memory. A charmingly quaint note is struck in the "Ballade vom Kuckuck," which is one of a number of poems having the true feeling of a *Volkslied*, and among the love lyrics is the original "Zweier Seelen Lied":

Lieber Morgenstern,
lieber Abendstern,
ihr scheint zwei
und seid eins;

Ob der Tag beginnt,
ob die Nacht beginnt,
findet euer Schein
in uns Zwein die Liebe wach;

Lieber Abendstern,
lieber Morgenstern,
hilf uns Tag für Tag
eins sein, bis die letzte Nacht uns eint.

As a satirist Dehmel presents himself in an amusing parody upon the factitious Orientalism and verbal artistry of some of his contemporaries, in "Der gestörte Nachtwandler." The cacophonous onomatopœia in the poem called "Stillleben" evokes memories of the grotesque water-sprite in Gerhart Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," while it visually suggests some of the symmetrical arabesques that greet the eye of the reader in the poetry of another "Jubilar" of the year, Arno Holz. It reads:

Im Frühling wenn's zu nebeln anfängt
auf dem Dorfteich—
eines Abends: raake:
erster Frosch.
Raake—racka—paake—zweiter.
Und so weiter, bis der ganze Chor
Raake — paake — racker — quacker — Pack macht.
Ueber ihnen
dampft der Sonnenglanz—
Gaukelt still ein Azurfalter drein—
herrlich—

Wilhelm Holzamer's posthumous volume, "Gedichte" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.), is a sad reminder of a gifted life cut short before it had barely fulfilled the promise of its youth. Through his work runs the longing for the lost paradise of his childhood in the sunny vineyards of the Rhine, for the old home and the old folks. "Am Tor der Jugend," "Märchen," "Toter Traum," "Grossmutter," "In meiner Heimat," and "In der Nacht," in the earlier group of his poems, and "Alte Sehnsucht" and "Pfingsten," in the selections from his later years, utter this sentiment with a sincere and beautiful pathos. Even in poems aglow with sunshine, spring-time, and love falls a shadow of sorrow, and the lips that open to sing a pæan of life are sealed by the prescience of death. An admirable specimen is entitled "Nebel":

Ueber die einsamen Wiesen geht
leise eine weisse Frau,
sie hält die Hände zum Gebet,
sie hebt das Haupt zum letzten Blau,
das über den schweigenden Himmel weht.

Ueber die Weiden und Pappeln schwebt
sich hebend und hebend ihr Gewand,
sie breitet die Arme übers Land,
darüber ein letzter Laut verebbt.

Und wie ihr Schleier weit
und Erde und Himmel und Ferne verhüllt,
steigt aus raunender Unendlichkeit
das Schweigen, das die Welt erfüllt,
in seinen Traum von ewiger Zeit
die müde verschmachtende Erde verhüllt.

The centenary of 1813 has produced an abundant crop of curious literary effusions in Germany which are doomed to be ephemeral. One of these is the volume of verse by Ernst Lissauer, "1813" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs). It is a cycle of poems with much of the elemental strength and temperamental fervor that distinguish the author's previous work, but with not a few evidences that the patriotic note, forced to unusual pitch, has inflamed the imagination of the poet, ordinarily so well tempered by good taste, until it runs riot with extravagant metaphors and hyperboles.

Carl Meissner, who is more widely known as author of "Die Kunst des 19. Jahrhunderts" and as editor of the works of Novalis than as a writer of poetry, has followed up his first book of verse, published some years ago, with two others, "Der schwere Weg" and "Im Schauen der Dinge" (Eugen Diederichs). The first is the pathetic record of a life reaching out for larger values and doomed to vegetate within the narrow confines of a business career in a provincial atmosphere. The mood changes from grim bitterness to glad acceptance, and is varied by notes of filial love. The other volume is more ambitious, contains poems on a variety of motives—nature, art, love, and life—the keynote is less melancholy, the poet's outlook more hopeful; but the book does not leave the impression of a rare and strong individuality as does "Der schwere Weg."

The reader who has known Hanns Freiherr von Gumppenberg as dramatist, critic, editor, and translator, will gladly turn to his poems, just published under the title "Schauen und Sinnen" (Munich: Georg Müller), for in this book the author is frankly and delightfully personal. It reveals a mind that has outgrown the tempestuous struggles of its time and has attained a wholesome serenity. Gumppenberg does not overcharge his verse with philosophical reflections, yet it holds many a thoughtful and noble message. His imagery is vivid and suggestive, and frequently, as in the following poem, surprises by a subtle meaning:

VERGLIMMENDES SCHEIT.

Wie lohte die Flamme so stark und stolz!
Nun irrt der letzte Funken
Angstvoll durch das verkohlte Holz.

Er läuft und sucht mit jagender Hast,
Ob nirgend mehr Nahrung für ihn sei,
Nirgend mehr Rast—
Hab Acht, hab Acht!
Vor und wieder zurück
Versucht er sein Glück.

Jetzt trifft er mitten im Lauf
Den grausamen harten Ast,
Und springt hochauf
Hinaus in die Nacht—
Knirr knist!
Es ist
Wie ein Schrei . . .
Und alles vorbei.

A book of very uneven value is "Anima Candida" (Vienna: Hugo Heller & Co.), by Wladimir Freiherr von Hartlieb. But the reader who is not discouraged by the trite pessimism and the well-worn stanzas of the "Elegie einer Kindheit," or repelled by the dismal notes of "Der Dämon," will be amply rewarded by the third and last poem, which gives the book its title. For this hymn of the life force and the ego in its free rhythmic movement is a most interesting Credo expressed in an unconventional, yet irreproachable, manner. The spirit of Whitman is in this confession. The youth awakening to consciousness of himself, of his well-built body, his open senses, his searching mind, his yearning soul, ready to give himself and ready to take what others would give him, hears the call of friendship, of love, and perceives the rent in the veil which had hidden from his child eyes nature's supreme secret. He sings a song of himself, of his coming into manhood, and of his oneness with nature. He exultantly sings the joy of life and in reverent awe bows before the mystery of its extinction. There is a powerful suggestion in his meditations on death:

Du bist das Wunderwirkende, o Tod, du nimmst allen Dingen die Grenze, du

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öffnest den Kerker von Raum und Zeit,
Du hebst das Beschränkte ins Unbeschränkte;

or in these lines:

Im Leben stehen wir immer nur aussen, es ist nichts als Sehnsucht; im Tode sind wir innen, er ist Erfüllung.

The author of the unique story, "Briefe vom Land," which a year or two ago attracted no little attention, has published a volume of "Frühlingslieder" (Munich: Albert Langen), which in spite of the well-worn title, bear the stamp of a distinct individuality. The movement of Ehrler's verse is simple and liquid; his poems crave translation into music, and one can imagine that Robert Franz would have turned them into gems of song. The earth in spring is the frame that holds these love lyrics together. They are neither erotic nor sentimental, but full of a tender, deep feeling, of thoughtful lines and original images, as in the following example:

Unsre Uhr hat einen Zauberschlag.
Horch, sie füllt die Stunde und den Tag.
Was den anderen zerrinnt,
Immerfort uns erst beginnt.

The most talked-of poet in Germany to-day is a man who, until a few years ago, was living the life of an unskilled workingman, handicapped by tuberculosis, yet eagerly taking any job that would provide for his daily wants. But from beneath the burden of toil and disease the soul of Alfons Petzold soared upward towards the vision of his dreams. What difficulties he had to overcome in his hunger for knowledge and longing for beauty, he has told in a lecture recently published under the title, "Aus dem Leben und der Werkstätte eines Werdenden" (Vienna: Anzengruber Verlag). Not until a complete physical breakdown had brought with it a spiritual crisis did his craving for self-expression assert itself strongly, and Karl Henckell, whose sympathetic appreciation and friendly criticism has paved the way for not a few of the younger German poets, was one of those who stood sponsors for Petzold's début. The three little books so far published justify their faith in the poet who rose out of the midst of the people, but does not exclusively write for the people. The book which has come from his pen this year, "Heimat Welt" (Wiener Volksbuchhandlung, Ignaz Brand & Co.), bears evidence of his genuine feeling for the essence of real poetry. There is not one line in the sixty pages that sacrifices sense to sound; matter and manner are admirably balanced. Every one of the little lyrics and of the longer prose poems is an organic entity. The most remarkable feature of his book is its wholesome spirit. The man who up to his thirtieth year had known nothing but suffering and want, bears his fate no grudge; he sees beyond the confines of his own misery-laden life the wealth and the beauty of the world, and cheers his fellow-toilers with this

HYMNE.

Fühlt es, ihr Brüder und Schwestern, dass ihr nichts Totes streift,
Was auch eure schaffende Hand ergreift.
In eurer Faust wird alles lebendig, was scheinbar tot;
Metalle, Gestein, Holz, Perlen, Seide wie Brot.

Dort, wo Hände schaffen mit Stoss und Schlag,
Erneut sich der Schöpfung erster glorreicher Zeugungstag.

This hopeful acceptance gives the book a constructive value. In the love of nature Petzold finds the source of joys that make up for privations. Out of this love he sings in the poem called

NAECHTLICHE WEISHEIT.

Bruder, der Tag ist weisheitstumm,
Reden kann nur die Nacht.
Der Lärm des Tages, sein Stimmengesumm,
Hat noch keinen zum grossen Propheten gemacht.

Alle, die Gott erkor,
Zu künden das Wort und die Tat,
Reichten den heiligen Nächten das Ohr,
In denen kein Ton den lauschenden Sinnen naht.

In ihnen wird das Licht
Der Sterne zum göttlichen Psalm,
Den das Herz der wirkenden Ewigkeit spricht
Zu dem Baum, dem Stein und dem schweigenden Halm.

Auch zu dir, wenn du gehst
Hinein in die nächtliche Welt,
Und unter der Kanzel des Himmels stehst,
Lauschend dem Psalm, der die Seelen erhellt.

A. VON ENDE.

SWISS NOTES.

NEUCHÂTEL, September 10.

The Egyptian students at the University of Geneva have protested because their Government proposed to send agents to supervise their studies. They declare that this means the appointment of a kind of political police, and that they will not submit to such direction. The Swiss authorities, after investigating the complaint, report that up to the present time there is no police agent at Geneva. There are many Egyptians studying in Switzerland, and at the University of Lausanne an Egyptian Society, named Misr, has its headquarters. Thus far, the utterances of its members have been quite harmless. They are loyal to the Khedival Government, and while some of them look for the independence of their country, there does not seem to be any revolutionary tendency among them.

A valuable book on Egypt, "Histoire de la civilisation égyptienne," has lately appeared. The author is Professor Jéquier, of the University of Neuchâtel, who, besides being a learned Egyptologist, has done important practical work in directing researches by excavation. His book is a useful introduction to the subject of which it treats. The account of Egyptian progress from the Stone Age to the time of Alexander the Great is clear and concise, representing faithfully and agreeably the essential features of Egyptian culture.

At the village of Malvaglia, in the Canton Ticino, is a parish church of the sixteenth century which occupies the site of an ancient Christian church, and of a still older structure, probably a Roman temple. In the course of repairing the present building workmen have come upon some early frescoes, and in the space between the old walls and the new have been found many tombs, some pagan, some Christian. The researches still continue.

A somewhat radical change in the foreign relations of the Swiss Government has just been proposed in an initiative presented at Berne bearing 62,000 signatures, the object of which is to require that all treaties of a permanent kind shall be submitted before their ratification to the referendum. Most of the signers are inhabitants of the French cantons. It is proposed to add to the Federal Constitution the following clause:

International treaties concluded for an indeterminate period or for more than fifteen years are also submitted to the people for adoption or rejection if the demand be made by 30,000 electors.

The motive of this action is the uneasiness manifest in many parts of Switzerland at the increasing "Germanization" of the nation. Ever since the ratification of the St. Gothard Convention by the Berne Goverment a large part of the press has been insisting that the neutrality of Switzerland was threatened. It is pointed out that the national industries and commerce are passing rapidly into the hands of Germans. Germans own the principal hotels, where most of the employees are of that nationality. The chief organ of the Swiss Government, *Der Bund*, is distinctly Teutonic in its sympathies. On the Federal Topographical Bureau are three Germans and two Austrians, and a Swiss publisher has been expelled, without cause, it is said, from Strassburg. The Kaiser's visit last year was regarded with suspicion and disfavor in the French-speaking cantons. Even Italy has been accused of covetous plans, and protests were made against the presence at the manœuvres this year of Gen. Bompiani and a large staff of Italian officers, for fear they might get a glimpse of the Alpine fortifications. The French press has done a great deal to foster this uneasiness, and the Swiss fear some further surrender on the part of their Federal Government. At present there is only one member from La Suisse Romande on the Federal Council. The time is not far distant when

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Switzerland will see its territory intersected by the great waterways which will unite the Rhine with the Rhone and with the Danube, giving direct traffic by water with Marseilles, the northern ports, and the Austrian commercial centres. It is doubtful whether this initiative will be successful, for at the time of the Gothard ratification the Swiss authorities were deaf to the protestations of the large Landesgemeinde held at Berne. The financing and regulation of these international arteries of trade undoubtedly put a burden of responsibility upon the Swiss Government.

It was discovered not long ago, while improving some buildings in Geneva in the Rue des Délices, that an interesting landmark was destroyed. This was the house which was at one time the residence of Voltaire. Surrounded by a large garden, it was called the "Château of Voltaire." Behind it was a theatre which was afterwards converted into a dwelling. Until about thirty years ago the interior remained as it was in Voltaire's time, even to the decorations and some of the properties. M. Reber, of Geneva, who saw it in 1885, expressed his regret that the place was not better known and better preserved. "But," he says, "people do not ordinarily like to be told what they ought to do."

Women are acquiring at least ecclesiastical rights in the canton of Grisons. At the last meeting of the Swiss Protestant ministers it was announced that the parishes of that region may grant the vote to women, provided two-thirds of the latter demand it. The authorities may, if they please, ordain women to the ministry. This is progressive policy for a canton which prohibits motor cars from desecrating its territory.

A. A.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

There is in the Harvard Library a copy of what is evidently the only edition of "The School for Scandal," as published in 1779, two years after the performance of Sheridan's play. It is characterized in the Biographica Dramatica as "a paltry catch-penny, intended to be imposed on the public as the genuine production of Mr. Sheridan." The play possesses no dramatic merit and would not deserve notice but for the unabashed conveying of its title and *dramatis personæ* from Sheridan and for the curious nature of its contents. The text owes virtually nothing to the earlier comedy, and it is neither a burlesque nor an imitation. The *dramatis personæ* and the supposititious actors follow as in the text; I have added the real persons for whom they stand:

Charles.....	Mr. King.....	George III.
Joseph Surface	Lord Thane...	Earl of Bute.
Crabtree.....	Lord Rubicon.	Chancellor Thurlow.
Sir Benjamin Backbite....	Lord Minden..	Germaine, Viscount Sackville.
Sir Oliver.....	Lord Sh-lb-ne.	Lord Shelburne.
Moses.....	Lord Boreas...	Lord North.
Snake.....	Signor Frazerino	Unidentified.

The play deals with the American War of Independence and the political mismanagement and corruption in England. Charles is represented as having been completely under the influence of Joseph, but now as determined to shake off the yoke. He has just heard of the taking of one of his "sugar houses" in his "western estate" by his "perfidious foe," apparently the capture of Dominica by the French Governor of Martinique. But Joseph distracts his attention by showing him "a new invented chymical paper that is proof against fire and water," just as George III was actually interested in the non-combustible wood of Mr. Hartley's house in Wimbleton Common. While Charles is testing the paper and expressing his admiration at the invention, more disasters are reported: "Sir Harry Clatter [Sir Henry Clinton] is repulsed with great loss of men in his expedition up Boreas River [North or Hudson River] on a foraging party." Since the news is not official and is only a newspaper report, Charles refuses to believe it; and as a matter of fact it was not true, for Clinton's marauding expeditions from New York in 1778 were all too successful. Then comes official news of the capture of St. Petite and Mignonette (St. Pierre and Miquelon, which were actually destroyed by Gov. Montague, of Newfoundland, in 1778). Joseph can now easily assure Charles that what Lord and General Quomodo (Lord Admiral and General Howe) could not effect will be accomplished by Sir Harry Clatter and Admiral Boisterous (Byron), and that even if Occidentia (America) were never regained, it would be no great loss, since it "fosters a nest of hypocritical cheats and wicked incendiaries." So Charles is as much under Joseph's thumb as ever.

It is "on the eve of opening the two kennels" (the houses of Parliament), and Moses is worried to know how to silence the "hounds of opposition." Snake, whom I cannot identify, has "dished up for the hum" (the debate) reports of murderous atrocities committed by the Gasconades (the French) at the capture of the sugar house in order that the tenants may forget their loss in their renewed hatred of the Gasconades. Clatter's retreat is reported as a victory, and the importance of St. Petite and Mignonette is vastly magnified, both as a loss to the Gasconades and as a gain to the English. Snake also writes puffs of Moses for the newspapers, to the disparagement of Backbite, General Flourish (Burgoyne), whose surrender will "soon be sifted to the bottom in the lower kennel," and of Jemmy Twitcher (Earl of Sandwich, the Lord of the Admiralty), who was blamed for the escape of the French fleet.

The prospects of success are not very bright. Joseph's only hope is in more troops, to be got from Mrs. Catherine (Catherine of Russia), from the German 'squires, and from home. Crabtree has lost faith in military leaders; "little Tommy" (Gen. Thomas Gage) failed to quell the riot; General Quomodo (Howe) took a couple of towns (New York and Philadelphia), and was obliged to give one of them up (Philadelphia, as a matter of fact, was evacuated by Clinton in 1778; Boston by Howe in 1776); his brother's attempt at peace failed; Governor Insolence (Governor Johnstone) used improper means to influence the colonists to come to terms, and he was sent home in disgrace. Furthermore, there is no money, and Twitcher (Sandwich) has stirred up the kennels by fomenting the fracas between Sir Hugh Splice-rope (Sir Hugh Palisser) and Admiral Handsomely (Admiral Keppel). Moses raises a million on paper by taxing, among other objects, newspapers, cats, lapdogs, gentlemen that wear their hair tied, and clergymen that have above £300 a year.

Backbite seeks to exonerate himself from all blame for Flourish's disaster (Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga), admits that he kept Flourish from the King's presence, and that he advised sending Flourish back to his imprisoned army, and writes a scurrilous attack on Moses. He and the disreputable Twitcher are partners in a league offensive and defensive. The situation is deplorable, so corrupt and antagonistic are all of Charles's advisers. Consequently, our author seeks to anticipate history by having Charles summon Sir Oliver and offer him Moses's place. This Sir Oliver accepts after assuring the King that his advisers are a "set of fools and knaves." The whole junto is discarded, and the way is opened to a "treaty with your western servants" and an immediate cessation of hostilities. The actual end was, however, different.

JAMES W. TUPPER.

Correspondence

UNWHOLESOME FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: However old-fashioned the deadly parallel may be, I crave permission to offer one to your readers. For I seriously believe that the outcome of the parallelism to which I wish to draw attention is fraught with the gravest consequences for American boys and girls yet in their early teens.

A nos moutons. Any careful reader of American magazines for the past ten years must have become aware of a growing salacity in magazine fiction. It would be easy to trace the progress of this movement—to show how journal after journal has been swept within its vortex. The changes, perhaps, may be best understood in the light of a few illustrations. Ten years ago a friend of mine offered to *Munsey's Magazine* a story, to my mind entirely harmless; the editor, though praising it highly, rejected it with the words: "I could no more publish this in any of the Munsey magazines than I could a page of the 'Decameron.'" What *Munsey* would say now might be much the same; but what another prominent journal did say, when I begged my friend recently to resubmit the story, was: "If you amplify certain scenes, we can probably use this." To take another case. Ten years ago a certain publication was the vehicle for interesting pseudo-scientific tales; to-day its pages teem with "realistic studies." Again: Ten years ago one might have given to any child the local-color stories of a well-known New England writer; the heroine of her most recent novel is a nymphomaniac. True, some of the authors have laudable aims—and in no case are there wanting specious excuses for the "studies." Yet the reader of Defoe may recall the prefaces to "Roxana" and "Moll Flanders." One famous journal for women has awarded prizes for "A Girl's Most Critical Experience"; if one of the writers really had her experience, she

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should be treated for psychopathic ailments. Another periodical wishes to call attention to "shocking actual conditions." A third announces a campaign for "purity." One can only hope that the titillation of morbid appetites is but a subconscious reason for these crusades, and that mercenary motives are entirely below the threshold of consciousness. Yet, reason or no reason, salacity leers from page after page of these periodicals.

And the parallel? In 1669 was published in France "The Letters of a Portuguese Nun," and in 1670 the "Zayde" of Madame Lafayette. These works are pure—though scarcely *virginibus puerisque*. But only he who has perused the novels produced between 1680 and 1800 by authors long forgotten (but now being exhumed in European reprints) can evaluate the flood of "realistic" fiction which next burst forth. Marital problems came first—for "the enlightenment of the innocent," but from pens far removed from the delicacy of that which had indited the "Princesse de Clèves." By 1690 the problem novel was in full swing; justification of marital infidelity followed hard upon the theme of marital martyrdom. By 1710 normal material—if marital infidelity be necessarily normal—had yielded to abnormal studies; and in both France and England "memoirs, diaries, secret histories, confessions," paved the way for the matchless depictions of perversities and anomalies by the brilliant Cr——, the shameless de S——, and the analytic Br——. That the literature influenced life is an open secret to the alienist.

Another parallel. From 1800 fiction in France purified itself after the incarceration of de S—— by Napoleon, the change lasting until the epoch of Balzac and his successors. Then again there came the treatment of marital problems; and again, within a decade or two, the veering to the study of abnormality. Abominable works from gifted pens (geniuses are often perverts) can easily be cited—coincident, many of them, be it noted, with reprints from the Belgian presses of eighteenth-century pornographic studies. Amid the new flood I mention only Rachilde's "Monsieur Venus"; it is out of print.

Is it "morbid" to see some meaning in these parallels? Berlin, Paris, and London are already paying the penalty for the new fiction; and our danger is so much the greater, because of the ease with which the magazine passes our doors. Are we to have in Chicago and New York reproductions of the T—— garden in Berlin, H—— Park in London, or the Promenade E—— in Paris? That Americans are "cleaner" than men and women of other nationalities is, even if it be no illusion, scarcely a safeguard. Let these "realistic" studies be tolerated, and writers grow bolder and bolder. New authors, usually abnormal, see a path broken for the revelation of their unhappy secrets. Some youth or maiden who supposes himself or herself isolated from all mankind by uncomprehended desires realizes, as a slave does freedom, that he is not alone. Correspondence with the author ensues. Another life which might have been a martyrdom, but not a menace to society, is wrecked and wrecks yet others.

If the reader be inclined to pooh-pooh these fancies, I refer him to the fact that du B——'s eighteen volumes, scarcely cold from the press, are the textbooks of the "petits jésus" of Paris. Moreover, as a matter of fact, the voicing of abnormality has already begun in America. Not only are the foreign "studies" easily to be had. X——, under symbols quite clear to the alienist, contributes his poems to several daring magazines; Y—— has left America, because it does not appreciate "true art"; only yesterday the illustrated supplement of a Sunday newspaper contained a full account of a trial for sadism in Paris; finally, a "dying confession" printed in a popular woman's journal was obviously that of a neurasthenic lover. And so the merry race whirls on. To me, at least, it is significant that in the "Zayde" of 1670, which headed the great frenetic movement in France, there is analyzed precisely the same type of jealousy as is treated in the "dying confession" in the magazine just referred to.

In an age when Havelock Ellis's sane and helpful treatments of sex problems are in our library "Infernos," is it not food for Rabelaisian mirth that some of our "realistic" magazines are on every newsstand?

MEDICUS.

New York, September 19.

DOCTORS OF DIVINITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some time ago (June 12) you printed a letter on "Bogus University Degrees." Attention should also be called to the abuse of the title of doctor of divinity.

I do not refer to the charge that ministers buy this title outright from bogus colleges. I doubt if anything so wicked is often done. The wrong consists in the easy fashion with which many colleges bestow this degree. The qualifications of the recipient are the least consideration. Often all that is necessary is to hang around some college, become acquainted with the president or some of the trustees, and suggest in various ways, directly or indirectly, that the title might be granted; and, finally, it will be done. This is the procedure in the granting of many of these titles. And as the better class of ministers are above this sort of thing, the degree of D.D., with many exceptions, of course, is anything but a badge either of ability or honor. I recall a number of men who in preparing for the ministry did not have the ability to complete the very moderate course of study required of ministerial candidates, yet in spite of that procured ordination and in a short time afterwards blossomed out as D.D.'s.

The harm resulting from all this comes largely from the fact that laymen in their innocence take the title seriously—as standing for superior ability. They very naturally think that this is what it means, when in fact in most cases it has no such significance whatever.

EDWARD C. YOUNG.

Cleveland, O., September 17.

LIBRARIANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reply to Dr. Sanborn's letter (*Nation*, September 11), I beg to state that in my letters to the librarians I mentioned the list in the Biblioteca, but they refused—except the New York librarian—to check off the books in their possession. In my letter to the Boston librarian, I distinctly stated my acquaintance with the Ticknor Library Catalogue, but asked for a list of novels of chivalry not included therein.

Now I proceed to substantiate the accusation of flippancy by quoting the replies received from some of the best libraries in this country.

A request was made for François-Victor Hugo's translation of Shakespeare, which brought the reply that Victor Hugo did not write a translation but only an essay on Shakespeare. It came out later that the desired translation was in the library. A request for a copy of "Amadis of Greece" brought a copy of "Amadis of Gaul" by the next post. The book asked for was in the library. Another librarian, according to his own statement, did not have the *Englische Studien*, and only a reference to a printed list of periodicals kept in his town convinced him that he really had it.

Some time ago, in an article published in the thirty-third volume of the Goethe-Jahrbuch, I surmised that Goethe made use of a novel of chivalry entitled "Le Chevalier du Soleil." So I wrote to the Wolfenbüttel librarian for information whether there was a possibility of Goethe having used their copy of the book. In reply I received a letter from him stating that he himself had examined the archives and found that there was no evidence of Goethe's having borrowed their book. The Wolfenbüttel Library has 300,000 volumes and its staff consists of the following men: 1 head librarian, 1 librarian, 2 scientific helps, 1 secretary, 1 janitor, 1 fireman, who is at the same time gardener.

In conclusion, as the whole nation joined some time ago in a deliberate and systematic abuse of the Turks, I cannot resist the malice of quoting a Turkish saying: *Alimin jamide sözü ajy dyr, ruz qiyametta basha tajy dyr* (the word of the sage in the mosque is bitter, but at the resurrection day it is a crown to the head).

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., September 12.

OKAKURA KAKUZO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Students of the history of art will be interested in a reminiscence of the late Japanese critic, Okakura Kakuzo. The reticence of Far Eastern criticism in the discussion of European art, its rarity, and its independence of local and epochal prejudice, give it an especial value.

I was once fortunate enough to have the late Mr. Okakura as one of a small audience at a private lecture on Cimabue at the end of which the distinguished Oriental critic expressed himself as finding in the Franciscan dramatic art of Cimabue's time one of the profoundest manifestations of European religious feeling. He spoke to me of the emotional realism of Cimabue and the Romanesque or Italo-Byzantine group of which he is the chief as comparable in its poignancy of inner meaning with the early religious art of the critic's own Japan. He insisted upon the vigor and initiative of their form in itself as being not of decadent but rather of primitive type, nobly significant and immediately responsive to the thought, in spite of external archaisms or conventions, and without re-

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course to material naturalistic effect. He was especially interested to find the Cimabuesque spirit in certain works with which he was unfamiliar, as the Crucifix by Coppo at Pistoia, of which I happened to have a very fine old photograph at hand. The enthusiasm of his comment seemed, at a time when the personality of Cimabue and the traditional importance of the movement represented by that artist were much assailed by a certain school of art historians, to confirm the opinion of Dante and other contemporary observers as to the pregnancy of early Florentine painting before Giotto's day. W. R.

Roselle Park, N. J., September 15.

THE "LATIN LADDER."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your otherwise fair review of my book (*Nation*, September 11) there appear three errors of statement in the following language: "In the 'Latin Ladder' . . . we have the piecemeal presentation of forms, with verbs and nouns alternating, only three cases, nominative, genitive, and accusative, being given in the first twenty-one lessons."

(1) A glance will show that the dative and the ablative are introduced in lesson (chapter) 11. (2) In part ii the forms are given in their entirety and in the orderly sequence of the grammars. (3) Nowhere in the book do nouns and verbs alternate except in the first few chapters of the book.

With regard to error No. 2, your reviewer was doubtless misled by the fact that in part ii every chapter on forms is followed by a chapter on syntax. This was done to avoid monotony, for, as certain adults enjoy their coffee most with intervals between cups, so the young find *their appetites whetted by a variety in the* presentation of grammatical facts.

Robt. W. Tunstall.

The Tome School, September 13.

[For "twenty-one" should be read "ten." Piecemeal or fragmentary presentation of forms is usually confined in recent textbooks to the earlier lessons, complete paradigms appearing naturally as soon as the pupil has got well under way. While not explicitly stated, most teachers would assume this as true of this book also.—The Reviewer.]

Literature

SCHURZ, THE ORATOR AND PATRIOT.—II.

Never was the reproach of inconsistency more unjustly levelled at a public man than at Schurz. His ideas of political liberty and liberty of conscience remained unchanged from the days of 1848 to his last hour. Again and again the note of true consistency in political life rings in Schurz's public utterances. In a speech on Political Disabilities, delivered in the Senate in December, 1870, he said:

I am well aware that political parties are necessary, and that to make them live a certain drill and discipline are needed. I also appreciate the necessity of compromising on minor points inside of a party, for the purpose of securing strong and hearty coöperation in the furtherance of greater ends. A party may not satisfy me in every respect, but I may belong to it because it approaches my ideal more closely than any other. But I have never been able to look up to a party as a deity that has supernatural claims upon my veneration. To me my party has never been anything else than an organization of men gotten up for the purpose of carrying certain principles into living reality, or of promoting the execution of certain measures of public good. This object of the organization has always been to my mind the first, nay, the only, thing of real importance, and I look upon all other so-called party interests as absolutely secondary to it. "My party, right or wrong" is, therefore, a cry which I never was and never shall be able to appreciate.

Schurz's mastery of financial questions became manifest at an early stage of his Senatorial career. Like Alexander Hamilton and Gallatin, the only two American statesmen of foreign birth with whom he may be compared, he viewed economic problems in their constitutional and historical relations, and he was particularly successful in investing the dry facts of finance with a picturesque interest. He understood the art of holding up to public ridicule the ignorant pretensions of financial quacks, as when, in his address on "Currency and National Banks," delivered in the Senate, February 27, 1874, he quoted from Marco Polo's Travels, to show that Senator Morton's "progressive" idea of an irredeemable paper currency originated in China, in the ninth century of our era. His power of sarcasm served him equally in his numerous addresses on Civil Service Reform. That his picture (in a speech delivered in the Senate in 1871) of the newly inaugurated President, his Cabinet Ministers, and heads of bureaus all frantically busy, not in mapping out administrative policies, but in taking to pieces the whole machinery of government, and trying to stem the tide of hungry office seekers—that all this is not strictly true to-day is due in a greater measure to Schurz himself than, with the possible exception of George William Curtis, to any other man in the country. Schurz was a dangerous antagonist to provoke, as the Camerons, Mortons, and other Senators found out to their discomfiture, in debate with him. He was no less effective as a letter-writer. His reply, in 1897, to Senator Gallinger, who had spoken of Schurz's "political obscurity," reminds one of Lessing's scornful rejoinder to Professor and Privy Councillor Klotz:

Senator, is it not cruel, on your part, to taunt me with my "obscurity"? Nature and fortune are sparing with their choicest gifts. On you they have lavished a rare combination of genius and success. The great and powerful of this world should at least be generous enough not to scoff at the feeble and insignificant. You are a genuine celebrity. Your noble defiance of President Harrison on account of a Consulship, of which your biographers tell us, and your valiant battles for post offices and revenue places, have carried your fame into the remotest corners of New Hampshire. The fearless statesmanship of your attack on the "hopping test" in the Senate has made your colleagues and many other people prick up their ears with amused curiosity. The stranger in the Senate gallery, directory in hand, easily identifies you on the floor of the Chamber as the occupant of chair No. 7. Having been a member of the Senate myself, I know what such triumphs mean. No wonder you are proud. But do not let the pride of your greatness, however just, harden your heart against ordinary mortals. Everybody loves fame. You have it in abundance. Why do you blame me for coveting a little of it?

When Schurz became a citizen of New York he lent all his accustomed zeal to the betterment of municipal politics. Tammany Hall was in Schurz's eyes the sum of all the evils that afflict municipal government, but he never overestimated (as not a few good Democrats do), the power of Tammany in national politics. In 1884 Schurz wrote to Bayard:

There are only two possible Democratic candidates for whom that vote [the independent] can be counted upon—you and Cleveland. The nomination of either of you would make success reasonably sure. Cleveland's enemies say that he cannot carry New York on account of the hostility of Tammany. This is nonsense. What Tammany's proclaimed hostility and friendship respectively effect has been seen in the cases of Tilden and of Hancock. The hostility of Tammany would very largely increase the independent vote for Cleveland. I am sure he would carry the State by an immense majority. Your enemies say that you cannot be elected on account of your Dover speech. This is nonsense, also. The independent Republicans who have revolted against Blaine understand that speech and do not care anything about it. What begins to tell more against you is the apparent friendship of Tammany.

Not the least of Schurz's services to this country was his interpreting to us what is best in German thought and feeling, just as he furnished to Germany a conspicuous example of the highest ideals of American citizenship. There are very few instances, in politics or literature, of German-born citizens of any land mastering so completely the language of their adopted country, and entering so fully into its thoughts and traditions. Not even the encyclopædist Grimm became more completely a Frenchman than Schurz became an American. But, unlike so many other American citizens of foreign birth, he

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held his mother-tongue sacred, and, extraordinary as his command of English was, the accents of his rich voice were never more persuasive than when he spoke in the language of Schiller and Goethe.

It may be admitted that Schurz's speeches, when read so many years after their delivery, betray at times a certain diffuseness, resulting from the Socratic method which he often employed with such telling effect. He enjoyed vanquishing his opponents by first displaying their arguments and then, step by step, refuting them, as it were, out of their own mouths. Viewed in its purely literary aspect, this method has its faults, as has often been pointed out. Sainte-Beuve, apropos of Franklin, wittily spoke of: "Cette méthode un peu scotique et sophistique, à laquelle Socrate lui-même ne me paraît pas avoir entièrement échappé."

That Schurz will live in our history as one of the statesmen whose personal influence and example at critical times were far-reaching is certain. Whether his speeches, however, will be read as mere literature—as are, for instance, those of Webster in this country and of John Bright in England—is open to question. The predominant note in Schurz's speeches was argumentative and philosophic rather than imaginative and passionate. Only the great masters whose highest flights combine all these characteristics move later generations. Among moderns, Burke alone is still potent in his influence on political thinkers. Schurz's purely literary gifts, however, were considerable, and his life of Henry Clay possesses permanent value of a very high order.

That the inconsistency with which the shallow judgment of politicians so often reproached Schurz was really his crowning merit has been made sufficiently plain. Throughout his career, as orator, Senator, and Cabinet officer, Carl Schurz was guided by one principle—independence of action, when to be true to the party meant to be false to the country. That his brilliant abilities did not adorn the Senate for more than one term was a matter of regret even to his political adversaries. While there he set a standard of rhetorical excellence which none of his successors approached, and very few men in the entire history of the Senate ever surpassed. In his fearless disregard of partisan commands, in his absolute candor of judgment, he stands alone. His retirement from the Senate bore no personal sting to him. He never had to console himself, as Cicero did when kept from the disputes of the Senate, with the thought: "Nam aut defendissem quod non placeret, aut defuissem quod non oporteret."

If further proof were needed of what those men thought of Carl Schurz by whose judgment the world abides, let it come in the words of James Bryce. On the occasion of Schurz's attaining his seventieth year, Mr. Bryce wrote to him:

> Will you let me have the pleasure of adding my congratulations on your birthday, and expressing to you my sincere admiration for the consistent courage, rectitude, and dignity of your public career? You have been one of the few who have in politics thought always first of truth and of duty, and have never sacrificed your principles to your interests, who have always pointed out high ideals to your fellow citizens while following them yourself.

Schurz's amiable personal characteristics, unconsciously revealed in his "Reminiscences," live in the memory of those who knew him best. The relentless censor of political immorality was throughout life a man full of the joy of living. "It is fortunate for me, yes, for us both," Schurz wrote to his wife in 1855, "that I possess such an inexhaustible gayety of spirits"; and the editor of the volumes before us has elsewhere spoken of the cheerfulness of his old age, of "the geniality that pervaded his private life."

All in all, in summing up the characteristics of the man, we are tempted to apply to him his own words about Benjamin Franklin:

> He was a virtuous man, earnestly, methodically so; but his was not that straitlaced and forbidding kind of virtue which looks with a stern and sour eye upon human weakness and at every worldly enjoyment and pleasure. His was a thoroughly human, sympathetic, merry, lovable virtue—a virtue that nobody would be afraid of and that everybody would not only understand and esteem, but enjoy.

CURRENT FICTION.

Otherwise Phyllis. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This is a "Hoosier chronicle" of richer quality than Mr. Nicholson's recent story of that title. This writer is honestly, if somewhat self-consciously, a product of the soil; he chooses to live and write in terms of Indiana. His Indiana is not the mushroom growth of Eastern fancy, but a land with a past of which it is proud. It has its old families, its traditions, its body of local doctrine: its personality, in short, worthy to be studied and set forth in song and story. And it has, of course, its group of skilful writers, who have already done much towards sketching that personality in black and white. The most characteristic trait of the group, perhaps, is its sober intention to be realistic, and its irresistible impulse to be romantic. "The Hoosier Chronicle," it will be recalled, made accurate record of Hoosier social types, manners, and speech: and at bottom was a roaring melodrama. There is no long-lost daughter in the present narrative, and its prodigal mother is clear of staginess: there is, to be sure, a villain of the old school.

Mr. Nicholson's town of Montgomery is described with affectionate care, with indulgence for its foibles, with a smile of intimate understanding. Two families have been particularly prominent there for many years: the Montgomerys of that ilk, and the Holtons. Lois Montgomery has married a Kirkwood, a promising lawyer and a man of serious purposes. Lois is a butterfly, not bad but irresponsible; and in search of happiness elopes with a Holton, the black sheep of the Holtons, leaving her baby daughter Phyllis to the care of the forlorn Kirkwood. The narrative proper begins at the moment when Phyllis emerges from girlhood into womanhood. She has no wish so to emerge, is a creature of high spirits and wide sympathies, is, indeed, a young person of amazing powers, a sort of *dea ex machina* for protesting but spellbound Montgomery. Frankly, whether the reader finds charm in the story as a whole will depend upon his relish for the middle Western idea of maidenly fascination. Phyllis is a tom-boy, a practical joker, a woman of the world. There is not a shrinking atom in her make-up; she is a relentless critic and complacent adviser of mankind, and is ready and able to do him physical injury as occasion may require. Her racy and slangy speech expresses the exuberance and effervescence of her nature. She is not quite coarse, but the notion of restraint is foreign to her, and the real dignity of her character is not reflected in her manner. Mr. Nicholson asserts more than once that she is not "fresh," and we can believe that she is not, to him. But one has to feel her charm in spite of her manners, to become acclimated to her.

And one does feel the charm of Phyllis. The return of her mother to Montgomery, and ensuing complications, test her thoroughly, and she passes the test in no commonplace way. Phyllis, her mother, her father, Uncle Amzi, the Bartlett sisters, are all such real persons—and Phyllis's solid Fred Holton should not be forgotten—that the conventional drawing of the villain and of Phyllis's three aunts is the more conspicuous. Phyllis herself "carries" the story.

David Malcolm. By Nelson Lloyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

David Malcolm's early history is more interesting than his later years. Up to the time when he graduates from McGraw, a poor but proud university somewhere in the wilds of Pennsylvania, his life has been a succession of new horizons. The first of these was opened for him by the cloud-gazing Professor, who boasted no classroom but his weedy patch of ground. The Professor was the

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unpractical brother of Rufus Blight, who "never had a real idea," but went to conquer the county town, and, having done it, by giving a prize with every pound of tea, proceeded in time to Pittsburgh and the top rounds of material success. Malcolm's next enlargement of view came from Boller of '89, the Beau Brummel of McGraw, whom he ultimately out-distanced in sartorial attainments, and also in winning from Gladys Todd, daughter of the president of the university, the promise of her hand. It was Boller of '89, again, who put the idea of newspaper work into Malcolm's mind. And so it was that he gave up Malcolmville, and even Harlansburg, for New York. One thread that still bound him to his native place was his memory of Penelope Blight, daughter of the cloud-gazing Professor. He had not seen her since that terrible day when she became the ward of her Pittsburgh uncle, passing to affluence—and oblivion. In New York he meets her again, and from here the story tends to lapse into conventionality. Moreover, in this part of the tale it is impossible to acquit Malcolm, who throughout is his own Boswell, of obtuseness. It is Malcolm's and Penelope's brief childhood friendship that impresses itself on one's imagination.

The Lady and the Pirate. By Emerson Hough: Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Granted to this novel such merit as novelty of theme may confer. A middle-aged recluse who joins the expedition of two runaway boys playing pirate is no ordinary hero. His pursuit and forcible capture of the lady of his dreams is not, in these days, a commonplace exploit. The sober and domesticated river Mississippi is seldom, we fancy, the scene of such incidents as are here alleged. But away with the probabilities: this is fiction, and fiction of the braver sort. Given the premises that there are still lovers so dashing, and maids so amenable, what conclusion may fairly be doubted? Put yourself in the hero's place. Admit that you have parted from the one woman in the world, that you have retired from that world, eating your heart out according to the best formula, with only such solace as unlimited wealth and leisure may afford. You are fishing your private trout-stream one day, when the pirate-urchins appear and challenge you. What do you do?—give them a lecture and send them back to their parents? By no means. Youth is re-born in you; you enter into the spirit of their enterprise. Perceiving that you have lived foolishly and feebly, you resolve to be strong and piratical. In brief, you take a motor-boat and pursue the lost lady half the length of the Mississippi; take possession of the yacht in which she is voyaging; and, by way of kidnapping, shipwreck, and other red-blooded experiences, steer her successfully into the port of wedlock. Unluckily (since this seems intended as a story for adults) few readers beyond the schoolboy age will be led by the narrative to fancy themselves in the hero's place.

Unpath'd Waters. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The suggestion of the title is borne out by a certain oddity in these tales and sketches. They have unexpectedness, not charm. Two or three of them are even startling. "The Miracle of the Stigma" represents Jesus as surviving the crucifixion, and under the name Joshua pursuing his trade of carpenter in Cesarea. A quiet, self-effacing man, he is tolerated for his industry, despite his indifference to religion. He marries, not unhappily, until apostles of the new Christian faith visit Cesarea. The young wife becomes a convert, but the carpenter holds aloof. At last, on the coming of Paul with his narrow zeal and fierce eloquence, she leaves her husband. He dies, and when the Holy Stigmata are found upon his hands and feet and side, Paul interprets it as a miracle that the last unbeliever in Cesarea should have been so marked, as a sign to the world, with the sacred symbols. Several other tales have to do with the type of enthusiast which is born to failure, in the worldly sense. A second group deals satirically with the tricks of finance. The longest, least agreeable, and in a way most striking story in the book is called "An English Saint," a ruthless sketch of the genesis and growth of a successful hypocrite.

LEADERS OF THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

French Prophets of Yesterday: A Study of Religious Thought under the Second Empire. By Albert Leon Guérard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $4 net.

Professor Guérard's volume is a welcome example of that scholarship of ideas which must be chiefly counted on at present to give respectability to both our criticism and our teaching of literature. "The work is offered," he says, "as a tribute of the author's love for France, the land of his birth; for England, where he grew to conscious manhood, and for America, the home of his choice." As a result, no doubt, of this varied experience he joins a perfect appreciation of the French point of view to an unusual command of English idiom. The style of the book is throughout not merely correct, but spirited. He conceives of his subject so broadly as to include not only the religious thought of the Second Empire, but its origins in the earlier romantic movement as well as its prolongation in the Third Republic down to the present day. The formative influences upon the temper of the age that Professor Guérard studies especially are Protestantism, Catholicism, romantic humanitarianism, and science.

Among Protestants he takes Guizot as a type of the conservative, the apostle of impossible compromises, who would have stopped religious evolution about the middle of the sixteenth century, political evolution about 1830. "Thus his political life ended in disaster, his religious life in a victory more bitter than many defeats." To the majestic immobility of Guizot Professor Guérard opposes the painful evolution of Scherer from protestant orthodoxy, to relativism and utter disbelief. Quinet is presented as a wandering spirit, too much of a protestant bent on individual salvation, to believe in sheer romantic humanitarianism, and too much of a free-thinker to be a Christian. In general, Professor Guérard treats French Protestantism as a survival of little effective influence during the period of his survey.

The French Catholicism of his period, as Professor Guérard makes clear, is saturated with romantic tendencies. The ultimate refinements of Chateaubriand's religiosity are perhaps to be found in "satanic" figures like Baudelaire and Barbey d'Aurevilly. Romantic elements are also traced in Lamennais, Lacordaire, Gratry, and the mystical Hello. It is not clear whether the virulent polemist, Louis Veuillot, speaks as a Christian or Rousseauistic obscurantist when he declares that "the future belongs to the dirty nations" and augurs well from this point of view for the Russians. The growth of ultramontane influences during the period finally resulted in the discomfiture of "liberal" Catholics like Montalembert, and led to the open break of Loyson (le père Hyacinthe) with the Church. The total outcome was "an undeniable lowering in the character of French Catholicism, a recrudescence of materialistic superstitions, the uncritical acceptance of doubtful miracles, a tone of bitter arrogance in controversy, charity sneered at, and faith reduced to blind obedience."

Among romantic humanitarians Professor Guérard pays special attention to Hugo and Michelet. Is romantic humanitarianism a religion or a pseudo-religion? This is the crucial question which is constantly occurring to one in reading this book, and to which it may be doubted whether the author has given a satisfying answer. Romantic humanitarianism as professed by Hugo and Michelet, says Professor Guérard, "has all the elements of religion—faith, hope, and charity." How about humility? What is there in common between faith conceived as a regenerative principle in the life of the individual and faith in the future progress of humanity? It is only by juggling with words that one can connect closely the faith

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of a Hugo with that of a Paul. Professor Guérard says that Hugo's poem, "The Toad," is "perfect." This poem culminates in the assertion that an ass that takes a step aside in order to avoid crushing a toad is "greater than Socrates and greater than Plato." Those who hold that the highest thing in life is unselective sympathy, may discover perfection in such a passage. To others it will seem only the perfection of nonsense.

The reason of Professor Guérard's tenderness towards the emotionalists may appear in his assertion that "unless one accept a historical revelation, the only alternative to emotional religion is Voltairianism." In other words, there is no region of religious insight superior to both the intellect and the emotions and independent of historical revelation. If Professor Guérard errs here it is only fair to say that he errs with the whole age, not only in France, but elsewhere. The currents of romantic humanitarianism are in reality running much more strongly in America to-day than in France, and an increasing number of American readers will listen to him sympathetically when he speaks of "the spiritual grandeur of Socialism at its best," and asserts that "humanitarianism remains the spiritual backbone of France." (How, by the way, can expansive emotionalism supply a *backbone* to anything?)

Professor Guérard is, as a matter of fact, perfectly aware of the weakness of romantic humanitarianism: it offers too large an opening for the ironist and the cynic. He points out correctly that the materialistic tone of the Second Empire was due even less to the spread of Darwinism and like doctrines than to the cynicism that ensued upon the humanitarian fiasco of 1848. Renan is perhaps the best type of the disillusioned humanitarian who came to treat even his own faith ironically; and to him Professor Guérard devotes his longest and most carefully wrought chapter. One is struck by the leniency of his treatment of Renan as compared with the severity of his handling of Taine. He quotes with approval the saying that Taine was an *esprit faux*. To many the mind of Renan will seem superior in subtlety rather than in soundness to that of Taine—especially after 1870. "The publication of 'The Future of Science' at the end of his career," says Professor Guérard, "showed that Renan's mind, unlike Taine's, had righted itself and that the cure was complete." But the extreme expressions of the "dilettanteism" against which the younger generation in France is now reacting so briskly are found in the writings of the last ten years of Renan's life. (See especially his "Feuilles détachées.")

The situation in France to-day, says Professor Guérard in his closing chapter, has not changed materially since the end of the Second Empire: there is the same irreducible opposition between naturalism and supernaturalism. The forms in which this opposition manifests itself would seem to the outsider to be more political than religious. Here at the end as elsewhere in the book the reviewer is haunted by the feeling that Professor Guérard has not worked out a sufficiently clear preliminary definition in his own mind of the nature of true religion. Hence a certain vagueness and inconclusiveness. To offset this fault, if it be one, the book has, in addition to its prime virtue of readableness, another eminent merit: it gives the facts (including the psychological facts) with such fulness and accuracy that the reader is as a rule put in a position to draw his own conclusions.

The Duab of Turkestan: A Physiographic Sketch and Account of Some Travels. By W. Rickmer Rickmers. With 207 maps, diagrams, and other illustrations. Cambridge University Press (University of Chicago Press, agents). $9 net.

A valuable book by an able scholar, and written in a style which makes its technical contributions pleasant reading—that, in a few words, may indicate the significance of this important volume.

The word "Duab" of the title denotes the land between the "two rivers" (*du ab*), Oxus and Jaxartes, in Central Asia. Exception might be taken to the adoption in the volume of the spelling of "Turkestan" (with an e), though it is the accepted English method of rendering the name of this region beyond the Caspian Sea, which philologists prefer to write as Turkistan as a more precise orthographic representation of the designation of the Turki land.

As to geographic boundaries, the author rightly emphasizes the fact that "what is known as Turkestan is an atmosphere." Yet Hamlet's cloud-comment to Polonius, "very like a whale," might serve to define roughly the territorial contour of this badly limited but physiographically important region near the Roof of the World. A glimpse at the outline map figured on the second page of the volume—the first of many excellent sketches and scientific drawings that supplement the photographic illustrations—would show the whale's head as spouting into the Sea of Aral, east of the Caspian, its belly as swallowing the products of most of the now Russian cities of Turkestan, and its flange-like tail as spreading one fluke towards the upper borders of India, while the other sweeps eastward towards Tibet and China.

Mr. Rickmers is a scholar qualified in high degree to represent British standards of research in this Asiatic Russian realm, and he shows his scientific acumen not only in the domain of physiography as a student of physical geography, geology, cartography, but also as an ethnologist and a true traveller, who observes and knows how to appreciate the spirit of the people whose land and customs he has made better known by his work. In every chapter lessons may be learned regarding a sympathetic treatment of the native folk among whom for the time an explorer's lot may be cast; and in these different expeditions, made several years apart, he was pluckily accompanied by his wife and a lady friend of hers, besides having the comradeship of a keen sportsman, Douglas Carruthers, whose sharp sight has lent more than one point to accurate observation.

The centres from which the several treks were made were the great historic cities of Samarkand and Bukhara, and the range of research always covered a radius of a couple of hundred miles in different directions. Much of the region abounds in high mountains, and as the author is an expert Alpine climber, his mountaineer spirit plays a part in nearly every chapter. The technical results of many of the ascents of unscaled peaks and glacier heights form a valuable part of the scientific contribution of the different excursions recorded in the work.

A thorough description of the physical features of the Duab leads up to a careful account of that life-giving artery, the River Zarafshan ("Gold-flowing" it is called), which descends from glacial elevations to water the region and lose itself in the sands round about Bukhara before reaching the Oxus. The Russian Government in Asia will doubtless take added note of the observations made in regard to problems of irrigation and the factors of desiccation involved in all this area when its officials have in hand the present volume, which their administrative aid helped forward by extending special courtesies to the author in his explorations.

Geologically the author's eye is ever open along the route through this out-of-the-way domain, and for that reason specialists in this line will mark with interest the trend of his advance. The geographer, moreover, will not fail to observe records of altitudes, of bearings, and of critical comments or inferences, that may be used to advantage hereafter. The traveller who is accustomed to caravan life in Persia and Central Asia will find parallels from experience in the conditions pictured on the road, though he might add the wish that the investigator's routes had been indicated in red upon one or other of the useful maps appended at the end of the book.

Throughout this volume, of between five hundred and six hundred pages, there

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is much of humanity, much of the common-sense that is born of travel and experience in research, much of scientific investigation that can best be appreciated by those who know the Realm of the Rising Sun. And to summarize, there is an immense amount of resourceful material stored up in the eighteen chapters of the work. It is true that the archæologist may miss points which he would wish had not been overlooked; the antiquarian might lend lore from ancient texts to add color to some observations incidentally made; but both would agree that this did not come within the title and aim of the book, and would join in praise of the author's successful accomplishment of an attempt (as it is modestly called) "to combine a record of exploration with the teaching of a little elementary physiography."

Some might find fault with the technical make-up of this serviceable book. The English publishers are so skilled in turning out lightweight paper for their books that even a large tome can be easily held in the hand; but in the present volume the heavily weighted paper that was needed for combining the illustrations and letter-press on the same page, makes a ponderous volume to hold; and it does seem that some invention or device might provide for making such a book more handy.

Notes

President A. Lawrence Lowell's "Public Opinion and Popular Government" is soon to appear; it is a number of the American Citizen series, published by Longmans, Green, & Co.

The same house announces the first volume of "A History of England," by Prof. Edward P. Cheney.

Samuel Eliot Morison's Life of Harrison Gray Otis is in preparation by Houghton Mifflin.

The Yale University Press has in preparation two new historical works, "Puritan and West Indian Colonization," by Arthur P. Newton, and "Studies in Taxation under John and Henry III," by S. K. Mitchell. The same press will issue "The Pulpit and the Pew," by Charles H. Parkhurst, and a volume of poems by Brian Hooker.

Autumn announcements of the Oxford University Press include the following: "The Primitive Church and Reunion," by W. Sanday; "The Christian Platonists of Alexandria," by Charles Bigg, revised edition, by F. E. Brightman; "Stoics and Sceptics," by E. R. Bevan; "A Companion to Classical Texts," by F. W. Hall; "Hellenica Oxyrhynchia," by E. M. Walker; "The Genesis of Lancaster," in two volumes, by Sir J. H. Ramsay; "Essays in Legal History" (The Legal Section of the Historical Congress of 1913), edited by Paul Vinogradoff; "The King's Council in the Middle Ages," by J. F. Baldwin; "The Rise and Fall of the High Commission," by R. G. Usher; "English Historical Literature in the Fifteenth Century," by C. L. Kingsford; "Maritime Enterprises, 1485-1558," by J. A. Williamson; "Life of Miguel de Cervantes," by J. Fitzmaurice Kelley; "Transatlantic Historical Solidarity," by C. F. Adams; "England's Parnassus, 1600," edited by Charles Crawford; "Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association," Vol. IV, collected by C. H. Herford; "The Collected Papers of Henry Sweet," edited by H. C. Wyld; "Oxford Historical and Literary Studies," issued under the direction of C. H. Firth and Walter Raleigh—I, "Elizabethan Rogues and Vagabonds and Their Representatives in Contemporary Literature," by Frank Aydelotte; II, "Anglo-Roman Relations, 1558-1565," by C. G. Bayne; III, "The House of Lords in the Reign of William III," by A. S. Turberville; "A History of Chess," by H J. R. Murray; "Les Documents chinois découverts par Aurel Stein dans les sables du Turkestan Oriental, publiés et traduits par Edouard Chavannes"; "Roman Town Planning," by F. Haverfield; "The Archæology of the Anglo-Saxon Settlements," by E. T. Leeds, and "Anecdota Oxoniensia," II, No. xii, "Theological Texts from Coptic Papyri," edited by W. E. Crum.

November 5 is the date of issue set by the Century Co. for Miss Maria Thompson Davies's new book, "The Tinder Box."

The following titles are brought out this week by Putnams: "A Short History of English Liberalism," by W. Lyon Blease; "The Trail of Lewis and Clark, a Story of the Great Exploration Across the Continent, 1804-1806," in two volumes, by O. D. Wheeler; "Sex Antagonism," by Walter Heape; Georges Ohnet's "The Eagle's Talon," adapted from the French by Helen Meyer, and "The Mountains about Williamstown," by George Lansing Raymond.

Elkin Mathews will publish the first of two forthcoming books on Irish literature by Alfred Perceval Graves. It is a volume of "Irish Literary and Musical Studies." The second work is called "Harp-Strings of the Gael," being a comprehensive anthology of English verse translations and adaptations from the Irish Gaelic; it will be issued by the Devin-Adair Co., of Fifth Avenue, New York.

Chapman & Hall announce "A History of the French People," in three volumes, by Mr. Belloc. The first volume will carry the story to the coronation of Hugh Capet.

To celebrate the attainment of his eightieth year by the French Orientalist, August Barth, on March 22 next, it is proposed to reissue his works in collected form. Besides his "Religions de l'Inde" and "Bulletins des religions de l'Inde," the collection will include many essays which have appeared in periodicals. The subscription price of thirty francs may be sent to M. Ernest Leroux, 28 Rue Bonaparte, Paris. After publication the charge will be forty francs.

The home country of R. L. Stevenson is carefully examined in a work to be published next month by Francis Watt, through Methuen. The book deals largely with the scenery of the novels and plays, and there is a critical estimate of Stevenson as man and writer.

The Biographical edition of the works of James Whitcomb Riley, which is announced by Bobbs-Merrill, will include, besides 220 poems, Riley's prose works and a sketch, largely in his own words, of his life and literary career.

A selection from the letters of the late Edward Dowden will be published under the editorship of his widow. Mrs. Dowden would be glad to receive any letters from her husband which should, for one reason or another, form a part of such an issue. They may be sent to Rockdale, Orwell Road, Rathgar, Dublin; she will return them to their owners after using.

Also, a series of one hundred and one lyrics, called "A Woman's Reliquary" and supposed to be by Dowden since he signs himself editor, will shortly come from the Cuala Press of Miss Elizabeth Yeats, sister of the poet Yeats.

The Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration offers a first prize of $500 and a second prize of $100 for the best essays on "International Peace," by undergraduate women students of any college or university in the United States; and a prize of $100 for the best essay on "International Arbitration" by an undergraduate man student of any college or university in the United States or Canada. In neither instance should the essays, which must be submitted not later than March 15, 1914, exceed 5,000 words.

The brief autobiographical notes of W. Hale White, issued by his son as "The Early Life of Mark Rutherford" (Oxford University Press), were composed only a few years ago, and reflect the grave and sad disillusions of a mind naturally radical which mark the exquisite pages also of "Pages from a Journal" and "More Pages from a Journal." Of the early events of Mr. White's life we could already conjecture a good deal from the half-autobiographical pages of the books which gave a kind of fame to the name of "Mark Rutherford," but it is pleasant to have these franker pictures of his youth in Bedford and his early manhood in London. Looking back on the results of his expulsion from a Methodistic college for unorthodoxy, he writes these pregnant words:

It would be a mistake to suppose that the creed in which I had been brought up was or could be for ever cast away like an old garment. The beliefs of childhood and youth cannot be thus dismissed. I know that in after years I found that in a way they revived under new forms, and that I sympathized more with the Calvinistic Independency of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than with the modern Christianity of church and chapel. At first, after the abandonment of orthodoxy, I naturally thought nothing in the old religion worth retaining, but this temper did not last long. Many mistakes may be pardoned in Puritanism in view of the earnestness with which it insists on the distinction between right and wrong. This is vital. In modern religion the path is flowery. The absence of difficulty is a sure sign that no good is being done. How far we are from the strait gate, from the way that *is narrow which leadeth unto life*, the way which is found only by few! The great doctrines of Puritanism are also much nearer to the facts of actual experience than we suppose.

The keynote of Mark Rutherford's musings are in those words. He was preeminently a Victorian, with the sanguine enthusiasm of the Victorians tempered by the restraint of self-knowledge, believing in reform and progress and change, but dreading the license of irresponsibility; casting off old dogmas, but holding to the

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moral ideas which underlay them. In his later years he felt as one belonging to a vanished world, and it is fitting that the last pages of these autobiographical notes should contain a glowing apology for the age which the present day patronizes so contemptuously. Mr. White cannot be classed with the great makers of the age he admires, but his novels have the peculiar fascination of modest veracity, and in the two little volumes of his "Journals" may be found, and will long be cherished by a few readers, some of the finest and subtlest, yet least obtrusive, reflections in modern English literature.

Many readers will be pleased to learn that Macmillans have issued the Works of Charles Lamb in an edition somewhat smaller and less expensive than that published by them a few years ago. Mr. E. V. Lucas, the editor in both cases, explains the relation between the two editions:

> This edition is the same as that in seven large volumes published between 1903 and 1905, except that it has been revised and amended and arranged in more companionable shape. Some new matter is included; some doubtful matter has been removed; and the notes, although occasionally enriched, have been reduced in number and often condensed. For completer annotation as well as for portraits and accessory illustrations, the old edition must be consulted.

The present issue is in six light volumes, each of which bears on the red cloth cover a symbolic design in gilt made by Mr. Bedford out of such details as the coats of arms of Christ's Hospital and the Inner Temple, the bells of St. Dunstan's Church, so much beloved by Lamb, and the sprite and the candles of Betty. Of the new matter introduced the most important comprises a number of letters of Charles and Mary Lamb which until recently had been inaccessible. Six hundred and eighteen letters are included, and reference is made to other letters, or abstracts of them are given, which for reasons of copyright cannot be used. There are also several poems not to be found in the large edition. As the editor remarks, "there are probably still many copies of album verses which have not yet seen the light." From the "Books for Children" have been omitted the original pictures, together with the apocryphal "Beauty and the Beast." These must be sought in the older issue. In each volume is a preface pointing out the modifications deemed necessary for this latest edition. These, when a just balance of the additions and omissions is struck, make the present work scarcely less valuable than the older.

Among the new volumes in the World's Classics, issued by the Oxford University Press, is a selection of "Poems by Byron," which, on the whole, shows good judgment on the part of the unnamed editor. We think "The Prophecy of Dante" and "The Lament of Tasso" might have given place to longer and more characteristic extracts from "Don Juan," and some will think too many of the "Hebrew Melodies" are included; but the best of Byron is here, and it is almost astonishingly good. A selection of the "Poems of Shelley," in the same library, includes "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," and "Adonais," with a number of the best of his shorter pieces. Other new volumes are: "Poems of Milton," "The Entail," by John Galt, "Lizzie Leigh and Other Tales," by Elizabeth Gaskell, "Felix Holt, the Radical" and "Romola," by George Eliot, and "Lorna Doone."

Those who have delighted in Benjamin Silliman's "Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland in 1805-6" will find pleasure in the similar but shorter journal of "England in 1815" (Houghton Mifflin), by a young Boston merchant named Joseph Ballard. Whereas Silliman went to study chemistry and buy books for the Yale library, Ballard went primarily on business matters and naturally has more to say of agriculture and trade than his more learned predecessor. He noted the progress of inventions—street-lighting by gas, coal cars drawn by steam locomotives, hydraulic presses, and salt-mining works—and also the misery and squalor of the little children and their drunken parents in the new "manufactories." Besides attending church piously twice a day on Sunday, he found plenty of leisure to frequent the theatres and be mildly shocked at dancers so thinly clad "that I think a New England audience would not have tolerated them." His republican patriotism leads him to observe that the cost of keeping six cream-colored horses in the King's mews "amounts to more than President Madison's salary." The journal is well worth reading, and it is a pity his descendants in making it public should have limited it to a few hundred numbered copies at a relatively high price.

"Money Changing" (Dutton) affords Hartley Withers another opportunity to show how clearly and entertainingly he can talk on intricate and, to the ordinary person, dry subjects. This work is an introduction to the study of foreign exchange, and pertinent indeed is Mr. Withers's use of Anatole France's phrase, "La science est infaillible; mais les savants se trompent toujours." The subject taxes the clearest minds. "It is awful to read on the currency," says Walter Bagehot, "and to read on the currencies of the nations and their prices as expressed in one another is awful with an awesomeness that is world-wide and appalling." There is, however, nothing awesome or appalling in the present work. It remains true that in international finance things show a constant tendency to work out in defiance of established principles. "These confounded exchanges only seem to work the wrong way," once exclaimed a London bill broker. But Mr. Withers is able to point out the modifying and often obscure factors which occasion these departures from theoretical doctrine. Sound economic training and shrewd common-sense enable him to navigate treacherous seas with ease, and to calm the fears of timid souls. In this country, in particular, nothing is so terrifying to statesmen, bankers, and men of ordinary affairs as an excess of imports. But even in England, where such an excess occurs year after year, there is a manifest fear. Mr. Withers's treatment of this chimera is thoroughly typical. It introduces one to a situation which seems complicated solely because one has to keep his eyes on so many facts at the same time. Keeping an eye on easily obscured facts is a *sine qua non* in the study of foreign exchange. The chief merit of the work before us is that it makes it easier for us to recognize landmarks when we encounter them in the future.

J. M. Robertson's "Evolution of States" (Putnam) begins with the assertion that politics is the strife of wills on the ground of social action. From the author's own showing, that result has been far from happy. His sketch of Roman political evolution ends in darkness, and matters were no better with Greece. The Greek democracies in their different ways split upon the rock that wrecked the Roman Republic: there was no general mental development commensurate with the political problems that arose for solution, and there was no approach to sound economics. Solon prepared the ground for the democratic structure of the later Athenian polity. Floated over the first reef by him, the Athenians never found a pilot to clear the second—the principle of group-enmity. Upon that the Hellenic civilization finally foundered. The truth is, Greece fell because her children never transcended, in conception or in practice, that primary ethic of egoism in which even love for one's country is only a reflex of hate for another people. This is clear in the whole play of the astounding hatreds of Athenians for Athenians through every struggle of Athens for her life. It is the prevailing conscienceless, the universal lust to tyrannize, that really consummates the political dissolution. The moral for modern democracies is that to flourish they must have peace. They must sooner or later practice a scientific and humane restraint of population; they must check inequality, which is the fountain of domestic strife; and they must maintain a progressive and scientific culture. This, from the author's own admissions, is easier said than done. We journey with him along the course of Greek, Roman, and Saracen development, all the while chanting, "I passed by the walls of Balclutha; and they were desolate!" And if we fix our gaze on Italian civilization of the Middle Age and the Renaissance, we find that the "petty done" is still dwarfed by "the undone vast." Nor is it a cheerful course that we steer in traversing the seas of modern civilization. This is not preëminently an Age of Faith, and yet it is to our faith that our author makes his final appeal. Considered as a tale that is told, that past, he declares, seems to speak of nothing but blind impulse, narrow horizons, insane satisfactions in evil achievement, grotesque miscalculation, and vain desire. He even cites Leopardi to testify that "as to all this activity, I can divine no use and no fruition." But does it not tax our credulity to be told, in the next breath, that with the science of universal evolution has come the faith in unending betterment? It will strike the reader that our author rests his case too soon.

It is hard to understand what purpose can be served by such a work as "Russia in Europe and Asia" (McClurg), by Joseph King Goodrich. Aside from some sensible comments on contemporary politics, honesty is its only merit; excerpts from the Century Dictionary, the Encyclopædia Britannica, and other sources almost equally obvious to persons seeking instruction on Russia, are faithfully put within quotation marks. The volume is a jumble of miscellaneous information derived from other books, supplemented by remarks based on the author's railway trips in the Rus-

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sian Empire; the whole is worked up without accuracy, proportion, or literary style. At the close there is added a seven-page list of books on Russia, good, bad, and indifferent, with no indication of their comparative value.

The main stress in "The Malay Peninsula" (Scribner), by Arnold Wright and Thomas H. Reid, is laid on the record of British progress in Malaya, and the work accordingly furnishes an interesting counterpart to the "Pacification of Burma," described in these columns several months ago as a work showing the mode of introducing the *pax Britannica* and the resultant benefits in every way to the regions brought under English sway. The manifold disadvantages of Bencoolen as a centre for its activities led the East India Company in 1786 to turn to Penang. As the authors point out, England is largely indebted for this achievement—which marks the foundation of all the British possessions in Malaya—to the insight of Francis Light, whose merits have met with undeserved oblivion. After Penang, Malacca was occupied, next Singapore, the latter being selected as a commercial site by the famous Sir T. Stamford Raffles. The general history and development of the British States in Malaya—Wellesley, Dindings, Malacca, and Singapore—as well as of the Protected States—Kedah, Kelantan, Tringanu, and Johor—are fully indicated, and a special chapter is devoted to their legislative and administrative systems, another being given to an account of the means of communication.

A good account is furnished of the tin mines of Malaya at the present time, and it is stated that 11,118 tons of rubber, valued at £5,925,000, and furnishing employment to 227,985 laborers, was the output of Malaya in 1911. Before many years, it is estimated, the output will be 72,000 tons annually, which suggests by contrast the wasteful system in vogue in South America. Business administration is almost entirely in the hands of Europeans and Chinese; a few Parsis are prominent at Singapore. The bulk of the tin miners are Chinese; in the planting industries the great majority employed are Indians, especially Tamils. Indeed, the Indian population of Malaya increased in the decade 1901-1911 at a rate of 195.4 per cent., as contrasted with a Chinese increase of 43.7 per cent. The future of the Malay Peninsula is full of hope, and the authors are wise in deeming that its best interests lie in its incorporation with the Indian Empire. In regard to the ancient history of the region, there is room for considerable investigation, and at least a summary of what is already known should have been given—for example, the information recorded in Lassen's "Indische Alterthumskunde." Discussion of "manners, customs, and occupations" is also disappointingly meagre and lacking in first-hand information.

Reuben Thomas Durrett, at one time editor of the Louisville *Daily Courier*, died at his home in that town on the 17th inst. He was eighty-nine years old. Mr. Durrett was the head of the Filson Club, an organization of scientists and men of letters famous in the South. The meetings were always held in his fine old library, on the shelves of which were about 50,000 volumes—a collection of Americana which he began early in life. Mr. Durrett was educated at Georgetown College and at Brown University. He practiced law in Louisville from 1850 to 1880, and was president of the Public Library of Kentucky in 1884. He was the author of "The Life and Times of John Filson," "Historical Sketch of St. Paul's Church," and "Centenary of Kentucky."

Prof. Alfonso Gerald Newcomer, since 1891 a member of the faculty of Leland Stanford Jr. University, died last week at Palo Alto, Cal. He was born in 1864, and graduated from the University of Michigan in 1887. He was the author of "Practical Course in English Composition," "Elements of Rhetoric," and "English Literature."

Eliakum Zunser, the Yiddish poet and one of the most picturesque figures of the East Side in New York, died on Monday. He was born nearly seventy-seven years ago in Russia, where he lived until 1890. He was as popular a poet in his native land as here, but was forced to emigrate on account of the persecution of the police. His best work is represented by such songs as "The Bell and the Mail Wagon," "The Railway," "The New World," "Slaves Were We," "The Scythe," in which he urged the Jews to go back to the soil, and his play "The Sale of Joseph," said to be the first Yiddish drama. While in this country Zunser wrote songs mainly in defence of American liberty and American institutions.

Dr. James Orr, who died recently in his seventieth year, was professor of systematic theology and apologetics in the United Free Church College, Glasgow, and was the author of many books. The most notable of these is "The Christian View of God and the World."

Science

FINE GASTRONOMY.

Food and Flavor: A Gastronomic Guide to Health and Good Living. By Henry T. Finck. Illustrations by Charles S. Chapman. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

This is properly not a book, but a tract, a *concio ad populum*, a clangorous appeal to every man and every woman to mend their dietetic ways. Mr. Finck is a writer of high training and long experience; it is perfectly easy for him to be academic and to follow the canons, but he has not chosen to do this. The result is a volume about as free from "literary" savor as a book can well be. Since he has taken such a course, it is well-nigh unavoidable not to make some reflections on his performance in much the same spirit as that in which he has written.

The main thesis of the work is the paramount importance of Flavor (always with a capital F) in the consideration of food value. We are emphatically and constantly reminded that it is not the taste but the flavor which gives us our basis of judgment of the merit or demerit of food. The old dogma, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, must go to the wall. The very thing we are to dispute about is the question of taste, or rather of flavor. But he who discards dogmas is likely to offer other dogmas of his own, and it is quite possible that any one with the boldness to dispute our author in regard to his dietetic convictions might find a bitter adversary.

What, then, is this Flavor, this quality in food that is of such transcendent importance? Mr. Finck does not make it wholly clear, but if we understand him aright it is a sort of breathing with the mouth and tasting with the nose, or rather a combination of both. Perhaps a clear idea can be formed of what he means by taking a sip of any delicate cordial, say, chartreuse, and expelling the aroma of it from the mouth through the nose—the reverse process of smelling. That this interpretation of flavor differs from what we usually call taste and smell seems fairly evident. A cheese which is vile-smelling certainly is often of agreeable flavor, thus proving that smell and flavor are not identical. There are few tastes, as Mr. Finck shows—a taste, according to him, is either bitter, salt, sweet, sour, metallic, or alkaline. According to modern psychologists there are but four. However this may be, there certainly are no such *nuances* in tastes as in flavors. It is strange that he should be the first to discover so important a feature of the mystery of eating. If what he says is true, and there is no reason to doubt it, then it must be reserved for the highly-trained to get the full delights of a good dish, for it seems to be a conscious process.

Broad is the domain covered by Mr. Finck in his chase for food worthy of his best attention. Copenhagen fish, Italian pastes, German and English hams, American pie, cheese of every nation and clime—nothing is too delicate or too lowly to escape his shrewd attention provided that the food is honest and pleasing. It is true that the subject Flavor is often lost sight of, and here again Mr. Finck's long experience of quite another sort stands him in good stead. Primarily, he is a musical critic, and he knows just what to do when he seems to lose the thread of narrative. Just as we are beginning to wonder what all these charmingly informal but most instructive pages have to do with Flavor, suddenly a horn (in this case a dinner-horn) sounds in the distance, and lo! the *leit-motif* appears and we are once more skilfully involved in the arguments in regard to Flavor and its relations to food—the whole process is highly operatic.

Deeply informed as is the author on his subject, the book is one that the wayfaring man may read and profit thereby. In speaking, for instance, of the Italian pastes he mentions the best

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kinds in a very helpful way. He might have added a chapter on the arrogance and ignorance of the modern grocer, who makes up his mind what his customers ought to purchase, and then closes it to all argument. Another chapter Mr. Finck might have written entertainingly and instructively on that painfully large class in the community who don't like this and don't like that —the persons of a restricted dietary. There is so much food to be had, and most of it on the whole is so nourishing and palatable, that there is really little excuse for parents allowing their children to grow up with ill-trained and really vulgar caprices. In later life, a child, untrained in this simple but important matter, has eventually to suffer from the neglect.

Every one, we are insistently told, should eat a sour salad once a day, using more vinegar, and good vinegar at that, than is usually called for in the books. It is only necessary to walk through the "foreign" parts of any large city to be made aware that salads are by no means rich men's food. The poor really live well, if we read Mr. Finck aright—so also do some of the rich, but not all. It is the middle sort, leaning too heavily on their steaks and chops, who suffer when the prices of beef and mutton rise, for they lack knowledge and imagination, and have as yet nowhere to turn for succor, unless they enlist under Mr. Finck's banner.

In spite of some disheartening remarks at the beginning about our gastronomic conditions, towards the end of his tale Mr. Finck brightens visibly and sees a glorious dietetic future for this country. And why, indeed, should not his hopes be realized? While other countries stick for the most part to their own established dietaries, we are getting an astonishing familiarity with the foods and eating customs of all Christendom and even of heathenesse. Any day at noon in the downtown parts of all cities, you shall see stout and rosy butchers, once scornful of all food but the eternal rump steak or pork chop, now up to the eyebrows in the joyous excitement of Italian ravioli or Hungarian goulash, or German rinderbrust. Bismarck herring, Spanish omelet, the humble Chinese chop-suey, Mexican enchilada, West Indian avocados, all these and many other good things are no longer weird novelties to the American palate, and Mr. Finck cheers us with the assurance that we eat them because they have distinct and often delicious flavor. Shall we blame him if he breaks forth into ecstatic murmurings of delight? Were he not an idealist at heart, our Puritanism might revolt at his comparison of his first taste of alligator-pear to the "discovery of a new song of Schubert or Grieg, or a new painting by Titian."

Putting the French first in gastronomic matters, Mr. Finck is not subservient. He defends, for instance, the early American breakfast as against the Gallic coffee and roll, and on his unfurled standard is inscribed the word "pie" *à la mort*. He is, however, altogether too severe on our custom of flavoring pies. It must be that he has never yet eaten an apple pie, flavored with a leaf of rose-geranium, and served to him by an American housewife bred on the best traditions. There is still a thrill left for him if he has not eaten this sort of pie. Since he is so utterly loyal to the best of our national achievements in good dishes, it is a pity that he found no place for some eulogium on salt-fish dinners, and that even greater achievement, the New England boiled dinner, glowing with the colors of the solar spectrum. He might, too, have struck a somewhat louder string by lauding our various chowders, the greatest of which are the clam and quahaug varieties. He does, however, speak with fervor of potato-salad, "one of Germany's great contributions to the world's gastronomic treasures." His view of American cheese is gloomy, and it might be possible to quarrel with one who omits Gorgonzola from his list of the great world-cheeses. Roquefort stands at the top in his estimation.

A somewhat cheerful tone runs through the remarks on "sea food," as some of our frowzy restaurants insist upon calling it, although Mr. Finck raises the hue and cry against all frozen fish. He does not seem to make any discrimination in favor of "chilled" fish, notwithstanding the fact that such useful food as halibut and salmon can now be carried in a reasonably good condition to places where a few years ago they were virtually unknown. He makes, however, the suggestion that the innumerable ponds in this country might well be stocked, as is so extensively done in Germany. This is not the only suggestion in this remarkable work which, if followed out, might lead to the making of good livings and even of comfortable fortunes. Several of his hints, pointing towards livelihoods for women, while not wholly novel, are so strongly put that, by not telling what they are, we hope to excite the curiosity of a sex thought not to be absolutely without it. To return, not to our muttons, but to our fish, Mr. Finck believes sole to be the best kind in the "wide, wide world," though he has kindly thoughts for other kinds, and even defends eels, accepting the German variety as perfectly free from the traditional dietetic habits of this humble member of its family. So valiant a defender of an animal with as bad a reputation as the eel, naturally receives in a catholic spirit the favorable comparison made by a friend of python's liver with terrapin.

"While haddock is by no means rated among the finest fishes, finnan haddie is one of the very best of cured fishes" —thus Mr. Finck (p. 427); but it has often occurred to lovers of fish food that were haddock as scarce and high-priced as salmon or striped bass, epicures would make much of it. We do tire of trout, even when cooked in cream; but the modest haddock—a far choicer fish than cod, both as to flavor and the quality of its flesh—is what President Eliot might call "a durable satisfaction," like bread or apples. As for sole, it is a good, a most delectable fish, but has Mr. Finck ever tasted a really fresh scup? Or must one have Cape Cod blood in his veins to appreciate scup at its true value?

In all this agreeable medley of sound advice about all manner of edible things, it seems not to have entered into Mr. Finck's mind that some human beings are not fitted to enjoy the whole of earth's bounty. There are, beyond a certain age, arteries to be considered before we indulge ourselves, as he would have us, in juicy meats or nutritious peas and beans. In bidding us to eat at least once a day a sour salad with plenty of vinegar, he does not seem fully to realize how many of us, alas! are unable to take acids so freely. The proteids and the carbohydrates, the careful proportioning of foods to digestions—such considerations as these appear to weigh lightly on Mr. Finck's gastronomic conscience.

So brimming are these pages with good nature, the hopeful American spirit, the evident wish to do good, and to make people healthier and happier, that it is an easy thing to forgive the lack of orderly precision, the violent explosions of personal feeling or belief, the frequent "journalistic" nature of the style. The faults seem small when the real good accomplished is so great.

The Century Co. is bringing out "Algebra, First Course," by Prof. W. C. Brenke and Miss Edith Long.

Another textbook on "The Teaching of Arithmetic" (American Book Company), by Alva Walker Stamper, has been added to the long list of similar works. One sometimes wonders why the teacher of arithmetic to children needs so portentous an amount of method. Apparently, a knowledge of the number concepts of the Hindus and the Egyptians is essential to these teachers. And even multiplication and division are erudite subjects and not to be trifled with, although children, in the past, could be taught them readily without such pedagogical intricacies. Elementary school-teachers are as patient as animals on the vivisection table.

Dr. John Green Curtis, of New York city, a physiologist and joint author of the "American Textbook of Physiology," died in his summer home at Chatham, Mass., on Saturday. He was sixty-eight years old, and was a half-brother of the late George William Curtis. Graduating from Harvard

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in 1866 and from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city in 1870, Dr. Curtis became a professor in the latter institution, after having first served ten years as surgeon at Bellevue Hospital. In 1909 he was made emeritus professor of physiology.

Drama

Enthusiastic scenes were witnessed in the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, at the close of the last performance of the Shakespeare Festival, which was running during the whole of August. Amid much cheering, presentations were made to the artists, and congratulatory speeches followed by the chairman of the Memorial Association, Mr. Flower, and Mr. Benson, the director of the dramatic performances, on the unprecedented success of this year's celebrations. Visitors from all parts of Great Britain had attended, also 500 teachers and students for the School of Folk Song and Dance, held in connection with the festival. A remarkable month's programme included eleven of Shakespeare's plays, also modern plays by Bernard Shaw and John Masefield, Lord Lytton's "Richelieu," a series of Warwickshire and Worcestershire village children's plays, organized by Lady Isabel Margesson; a morality play of "Job," arranged by Miss Sybil Amherst, and performed by the Norwich players; the drama of Glastonbury, presented by Bedford students; performances by Dunmow players, and a beautiful production of a Harvest Masque by Stratford townfolk. Morris dances and folk songs, organized by the English Folk Dance Society, under the direction of Mr. Cecil Sharp, and lectures on dramatic and art subjects by eminent lecturers, also figured in the programme.

"Years of Discretion," which had a long run in this city—when it had the advantage of Belasco's stage management—has been produced in London, where it has met with a somewhat cool reception from the critics. The fact is that it is weak in spots. About two-thirds of it is light comedy of an uncommonly good sort, but the remaining third is full of clumsy exaggeration. The London critics judge it by its deficiencies rather than its merits.

"Interlopers" is the title of a new comedy by H. M. Harwood, which Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie are producing in the London Royalty Theatre. It is understood to deal with the question whether husband or children ought to be the first care of a wife, and is said to be written in a light vein.

Speaking of John Galsworthy's new play, soon to be produced in the London Court Theatre, an English theatrical writer says:

"The Fugitive," as it is named, is likely to prove the author's most serious contribution as yet to the stage. It is a drama of strong situations, and written in a frankly outspoken vein. The leading character is that of a woman, married but childless, who, breaking away from class traditions, bravely faces the world, prepared to accept whatsoever consequences may result from that step. It should perhaps be mentioned that the play has been in existence for some time, but has been held back until certain conditions of production could be assured.

John Henry Jack, better known as John Jack, who died last week in the Home for Retired Actors, at Springbrook, near Holmesburg, Pa., was, in his day, one of the best-known players on the American stage. Born in Philadelphia in 1836, he became call boy in the Walnut Street Theatre when he was sixteen years old, and gradually made his way upward, until, in the course of time, he won recognition as a thoroughly qualified performer. He furnished the first proof of his superior quality in a performance of Sir Peter Teazle, for which he was impressed in an emergency, and thereafter he was assigned chiefly to the parts of "old men," in which he soon became proficient. It was his size, doubtless, that first suggested his impersonation of Falstaff, in which he was popular for many years. Edwin Forrest was in the heyday of his success when Jack became a prominent member of his company. In the season of 1853-54 he was a member of the company at the Chestnut Street Theatre, which included Joseph Jefferson, John Gilbert, John Sleeper Clark, and Lizzie Western. Then he went to a theatre at Richmond, Va., and returned to Philadelphia to become a member of the company at the National Theatre. He was not in any respect a great actor, but he was a performer of all-round excellence. In later years he offered a notable piece of characterization in his Sir John D'Urberville in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Music

HIGH MUSIC AND PLAIN AMERICANISM.

The reviewers have generally spoken of the new venture at the Century in New York as an experiment in opera in English. But its real significance, of course, is that it is not primarily an experiment in English opera, but an experiment in cheap opera. If the problem were one of language only, a solution might conceivably be approached in other ways. Thus it is not impossible that Caruso or Farrar or Fremstad could be induced, by arguments to which the artistic soul is not at all insensible, to sing in English if the patriotism of Metropolitan audiences so demanded. But because the primary purpose on Central Park West is to give opera at popular prices, a thing which can be done only with artists not of the first order, it was inevitable that the patriotic motive should be called upon to make up for the lack of first-rate talent; and properly. It is well to recognize that the success of the new opera house depends only in minor degree on whether the Century audience can follow the English libretto with greater ease than the Metropolitan audience follows the Italian, the French, or the German. The real question is whether a New York audience can be persuaded to listen to good music which labors under the disadvantage of being offered at moderate prices.

This fact was clearly in the minds of the reviewers when they set themselves to argue that, after all, the quality of opera which people will get at the Century is equal to that which is offered in most European cities. It is a brave attempt to combat the national habit which insists on having the best, or nothing at all. It is an attempt that certainly deserves to succeed. If the general choice were really one between the very best music and no music at all, it would not be so bad. But an American public rather reasons in this way: if we cannot afford to pay six dollars to hear Caruso, then we will go to hear the Alabama Choo-Choo Rag. Thus the cult of only the best becomes, for the great majority, the cult of the worst. Good second-class opera may do for the people of Munich and Budapest, but will never do for the uncrowned American sovereign; so the uncrowned sovereign goes in for the music of musical comedy. How is this essentially snobbish attitude of the great New York public to be combated? Perhaps as good a way as any is to keep on citing Munich and Budapest, until native complacency is stirred to the point of confessing that Munich and Budapest are neither of them "one-horse" towns, and that opera which is good enough for them may be worth listening to, after all. So let us hope that Munich and Budapest will continue to be flung at our reluctant public. But another good way, good because direct, is to mince no words at all about this stupid snobbery which rejects the beautiful things of life because beauty is not always to be had in its "swellest" and most expensive form.

We believe in the efficacy of hard words when it comes to assailing a bad tradition, because plain speaking will hearten the slaves of a bad tradition to rise and mutiny against their fate. Custom is often imposed on the many by the few. There must be a great many people in New York, people of simple tastes and right aspirations, who, because they cannot have the best, would be happy with the next best if they were not ashamed. They are the victims of an expensive and shoddy standard, created by the comfortably rich and supported by the eighteen-dollar-a-week clerk who thinks that "life" means two-dollar seats in the theatre for himself and his best girl. Why should it be necessary to quote the example of Munich and Budapest? Among New York city's five millions there must be Munichs and Budapests and Milans and Dresdens; large population-groups, that is, of honest provincial taste, who, if they followed their natural inclinations, would be happy with second-class opera and a second-class seat at a good play; but they are terrorized by the traditions of the great American spender. That terror, we

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imagine, is on the decline. The opera experiment at the Century, if it succeeds, will thus have a significance extending beyond its special field. It will be the index of a wholesome change in the general attitude of the people towards the things of life that are worth while.

Louis Koemmenich begins his second season as conductor of the New York Oratorio Society with rehearsals on September 25. The sole novelty of the season will be an oratorio, "Ruth," by Georg (not Robert) Schumann. It is set for December 5. On December 26 and 27, "The Messiah" will be sung for the 84th and 85th times by this society. On March 28 will be the society's third performance of Beethoven's Mass in D. A final concert, scheduled for April 25, will be devoted to à capella music. The programme of this has not yet been arranged. This final event will mark the 231st "regular" concert of the society. There will be twenty-seven regular rehearsals on Thursday nights and twenty-five extra, men and women separate, for Tuesday nights. The concerts will be given as usual in Carnegie Hall, which has been renovated during the summer, and the accompaniment will be by the orchestra of the New York Symphony Society.

New York music-lovers had the chance last season to hear 381 high-class concerts, besides about 300 lighter musical entertainments. Of orchestral concerts alone there were 106, of which the Philharmonic provided 44, the New York Symphony Orchestra 25, and the Boston Orchestra 10. The indications are that the present season will be equally busy, if not more so, for there will be three opera companies.

Mexico has spent $10,000,000 on an opera house in the capital city. The Government also contributes about $100,000 a year towards the support of the National Conservatory of Music in that city. Connected with it are about fifty teachers, mostly Mexicans. To specially talented pupils scholarships are awarded entitling them to a course of study in Europe. At the opera the audience imitates the Italian custom of hissing a singer who happens to emit an imperfect tone.

The Mozart Society of this city has procured Charles Wakefield Cadman for a concert to be given on December 6. On October 9 he appears in Minneapolis, with the Indian girl, Tsianina Redfeather, in his "Indian Music Talk," and a recital at which his new trio will be heard. Later on this trio will appear in Pittsburgh.

A "Syllabus of Kentucky Folk Song" has been published by Hubert G. Shearin and Josiah H. Combs. The contents are divided into song-ballads, love-songs, dance-songs, number-songs, lullabies, jigs, ditties, etc. The music of the Kentucky mountain folk is described as a survival of the British and Irish music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which was transmitted to the colonies orally. Some of the rhymes and tunes, however, are obviously taken from more recent vaudeville and "musical comedy" performances.

The report comes from London that several wealthy men are to assist Thomas Beecham in building a new theatre with a seating capacity of 4,000, in which operas will be performed in English and other languages at vaudeville prices—which are from about 12 cents to $1.25 a seat.

Edgar Stillman Kelley writes about "MacDowell's Ideal Realized" in the *Musical Courier*. The Peterboro, N. H., home of America's foremost composer was to him a great source of inspiration, and he keenly realized how much such environment might mean to those less fortunate. Thanks to Mrs. MacDowell's efforts, the MacDowell Memorial Association now, as Mr. Kelley remarks,

> not only offers a rare retreat for the artist of acknowledged attainments in search of a quiet working place, but also affords similar oportunities to those whose careers are still in a formative stage. . . . The rustic studios are scattered throughout the forests of the large estate of four hundred acres, and those occupied by musicians are always sufficiently remote from the others to avoid any disturbance to fellow-composers. . . . The colony started six years ago with three art workers, a sculptor, a writer, and a musician. Now, even with the increased number of studios, the quarters are too cramped to accommodate fifteen, while new applicants are constantly being refused. Herein we already see the fulfilment of prophecies made by Richard Watson Gilder, Howard Mansfield, and others, who steadfastly maintained the value and practicability of a scheme which, at the outset, was held as visionary and impossible by all the world.

Art

Greek Refinements: Studies in Temperamental Architecture. By William Henry Goodyear. New Haven: The Yale University Press. $10.

It is now a matter of common knowledge that the lines of Greek temples are not absolutely straight, but consist of a series of subtle curves, hardly perceptible to the naked eye in many cases, but occurring with such regularity that, in the opinion of most modern authorities, they can only have been produced intentionally.* The discovery of these curves is, however, of comparatively recent date. It was first made by Joseph Hopper and John Pennethorne, and published by the former in 1838. Once attention was drawn to this subject, its importance was recognized, and, in 1851, appeared Penrose's famous book, entitled "An Investigation of the Principles of Athenian Architecture," in which these Greek refinements were thoroughly discussed. This book is still the standard work on the subject; and in the more recent publications on Greek architecture the results then obtained are naturally always quoted.

Professor Goodyear has long been specially interested in this important feature of Greek architecture and has devoted many years to its study. The present publication is the result of these investigations, and is to be succeeded in the near future, we understand, by another volume on refinements in mediæval architecture. As Mr. Goodyear points out, a great mass of additional material has been accumulated since the publication of Penrose's book, and a new treatment of the subject was much needed. His object has been to provide a summary of the observations of the first workers in this field, as well as of all later publications dealing with this subject. He addresses his book both to the general public and to the specialist. For the former he has tried to produce a "readable book"; for the latter he has tried to produce an "exhaustive treatment" in a "scientific spirit."

If for no other reason, Mr. Goodyear's book is valuable for its numerous illustrations, some of which are of astonishing excellence. They include one hundred and twenty subjects, among them a number of photographs of the Greek horizontal curves in the South Italian and Sicilian Greek temples, which are the only extant photographs on this subject for these temples.

Mr. Goodyear draws attention to a popular modern opinion, which he deems a fallacy, namely, that the Greek curves were intended to correct an optical illusion and to make the architectural lines look straight. According to him, this was not the reason, the curves being dictated by the Greek architects' "sentiment of beauty," in other words, not because they preferred the appearance of straight lines, and, therefore, made their lines curved, so as to appear straight, but because they preferred curved lines.

With regard to the text in general, it is undeniably suggestive and it will probably stimulate a wholesome interest in this subject. The chief fault of the book is that it falls between two stools. It is neither a popular handbook nor a strictly scientific work. In spite of the author's attempt to make it readable, it is full of technical language which is too abstract for general reading, and it abounds in discouraging sentences, such as this: "Greek refinements . . . are purposed departures from the supposedly geometrical regularity of the horizontal and perpendicular lines in the Greek temples, and from the prescribed mathematical equality of their apparently corresponding dimensions and spaces." It is, of course, a question whether so technical a subject can be made popular. In any case, Mr. Goodyear does not seem to us to have succeeded in doing so; he has only impaired the scientific value of his work by a discursive style and by a somewhat too personal tone.

*J. Durm, in his *Baukunst der Griechen* (1910), p. 120 ff, is still of the opinion that the horizontal curves were not intentional but were produced in most cases in the course of time.

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Finance

DIRECTORS AND THEIR TRUST.

It is natural that the misfortunes of the New Haven Railroad should focus the attention of the investing public upon the question of responsibility for faulty management, whether in the direction of financing or operation, for apparently the conduct of the New Haven road has in both respects left something to be desired. Without assuming to fix the blame upon anybody in particular for the shortcomings in either respect, it is not too much to say that this company's troubles may serve to point a moral which applies in greater or less degree to most railway companies in the United States; at least in one point, and that is the position of the director.

The American theory of corporation management, so far as government of railways is concerned, is democratic enough, in that stockholders are supposed to choose directors who themselves choose executive officers to carry on the actual management of the railway. From the president down the chain of authority is explicitly expressed and the duties of the various links are clearly specified, thoroughly understood, and as a rule regularly performed. The subordinates get their orders from the president, and he, presumably, gets his orders from the board of directors, who hold the power of the stockholders in their hands. But directors are as a rule required to meet but seldom, usually not oftener than once a month, and sometimes not so often, and they are virtually unpaid for their services, unless the gold-piece given as a fee at the meeting be considered as compensation. As a rule, there is an executive committee of directors, who may meet oftener than this—but not much oftener—and who are equally uncompensated. What services are expected of men who serve either as plain directors or as members of the executive committee under such conditions?

In the nature of things their activities, as an Irishman might say, must be largely passive. They can but listen to reports and suggested plans and approve or disapprove as the spirit moves them; it is not humanly possible for them to originate. The president is looked to for initiative. He is expected to suggest policies, work up plans, prepare estimates, and so on; and when these come before the board for final action the directors must perforce act upon what is before them, for that is all the knowledge they have or can have. Meeting not oftener than once a month, not being paid for their time, save for the time actually spent in the board-room (which often is a scant hour or two), their actual exercise of power becomes a purely *pro forma* affair, and the officers of the road are its real governors. In short, whatever may be the theoretic function of directors, the fact is that in this country they have been and still are the merest figureheads, so far as actual direction of railways is concerned. A glance at the "Directory of Directors" will disclose a state of affairs which on the face of it is an absurdity.

And yet the law places upon directors ultimate responsibility for corporate acts, and occasionally there is a feeble murmur from an outraged stockholder that "directors should direct." But why should stockholders of any corporation assume that they can get others to work for them for nothing? Which is what they do assume under the existing order. And why do they largely choose as their directors men of large affairs, deeply engrossed in enterprises of their own, whose time may be supposed to be worth more than most people's time? It will be answered that the object is to get the benefit of their large knowledge and experience; but *do* we get this benefit? It is true that the services of a Harriman or a Hill are worth uncounted millions to a Union Pacific or a Great Northern, but only because those services are devoted almost exclusively to those properties. Imagine Mr. Hill a director in sixty corporations other than Great Northern, and what would his services —even his—be worth to each of those compared with the continuous services of a paid director, without Mr. Hill's ability, but with continuous attention to his trust?

Moreover, there is the ticklish question of the "banker-director." Railways always have needed, and probably always will need, a good deal of "financial" management, and finance is a matter of banking. Probably the generation of "banker-directors" in railways is passing away, as the financing problems have become easier to solve. Nevertheless, it still seems to be tacitly assumed that a railway must have a financial protector, and that he must "have representation" in the board. The question is, Whom does he "represent"? It is natural that in these days this question should be put somewhat pointedly.

If directors are to "direct" according to theory, they must be prepared to give their time freely to their trust, and if they are expected to do this, they must be compensated properly for their time, as is the custom in England. The system at present in vogue here is illogical, and consequently unsatisfactory. If directors are expected to work for nothing, it is but natural to suppose that they will find compensation in other ways, or they will not work, and in either case the interest of the stockholders is insufficiently protected. The logic of the case calls for much smaller boards of directors than at present exist, much more frequent meetings, much more active participation in the task of management, and proper compensation for the work done. Instead of a bare quorum of distracted semi-amateurs listening in bored fashion to reports that mean comparatively little to them, and waiting impatiently for the "question" to be put, there would be a compact body of semi-experts reasonably familiar with the matter in hand and able to vote intelligently and accept full responsibility for the consequences of their vote.

Certain it is that had the New Haven road been governed by such a board of directors as this it would never have spent above two hundred millions of dollars in a few years for items other than "cost of road and equipment"—whatever else might have been done.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Eleanor H. The White Linen Nurse. Century. $1 net.
Adams, C. C. Guide to the Study of Animal Ecology. Macmillan. $1.25.
Adams, E. F. The Inhumanity of Socialism. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1 net.
Agassiz, Alexander. Letters and Recollections. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
Altsheler, J. A. Apache Gold; The Texan Triumph. D. Appleton. $1.35 net, each.
American Society of Church History. Papers, edited by S. M. Jackson. Second Series, Vol. I. Putnam.
Arthur, E. B. and S. C. Sonny Boys' Day at the Zoo. Century. 90 cents net.
Atkinson, A. A. Electrical and Magnetic Calculations. Fourth edition, revised. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.
Auvergne, E. B. d'. Godoy: The Queen's Favourite. Boston: Badger. $4 net.
Bacon, Josephine Daskam. The Luck o' Lady Joan: A Fairy Tale for Women. Chicago: Browne & Co. 50 cents net.
Bailey, Vernon. Life Zones and Crop Zones of New Mexico. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Barbour, R. H. Around the End. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.
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